CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

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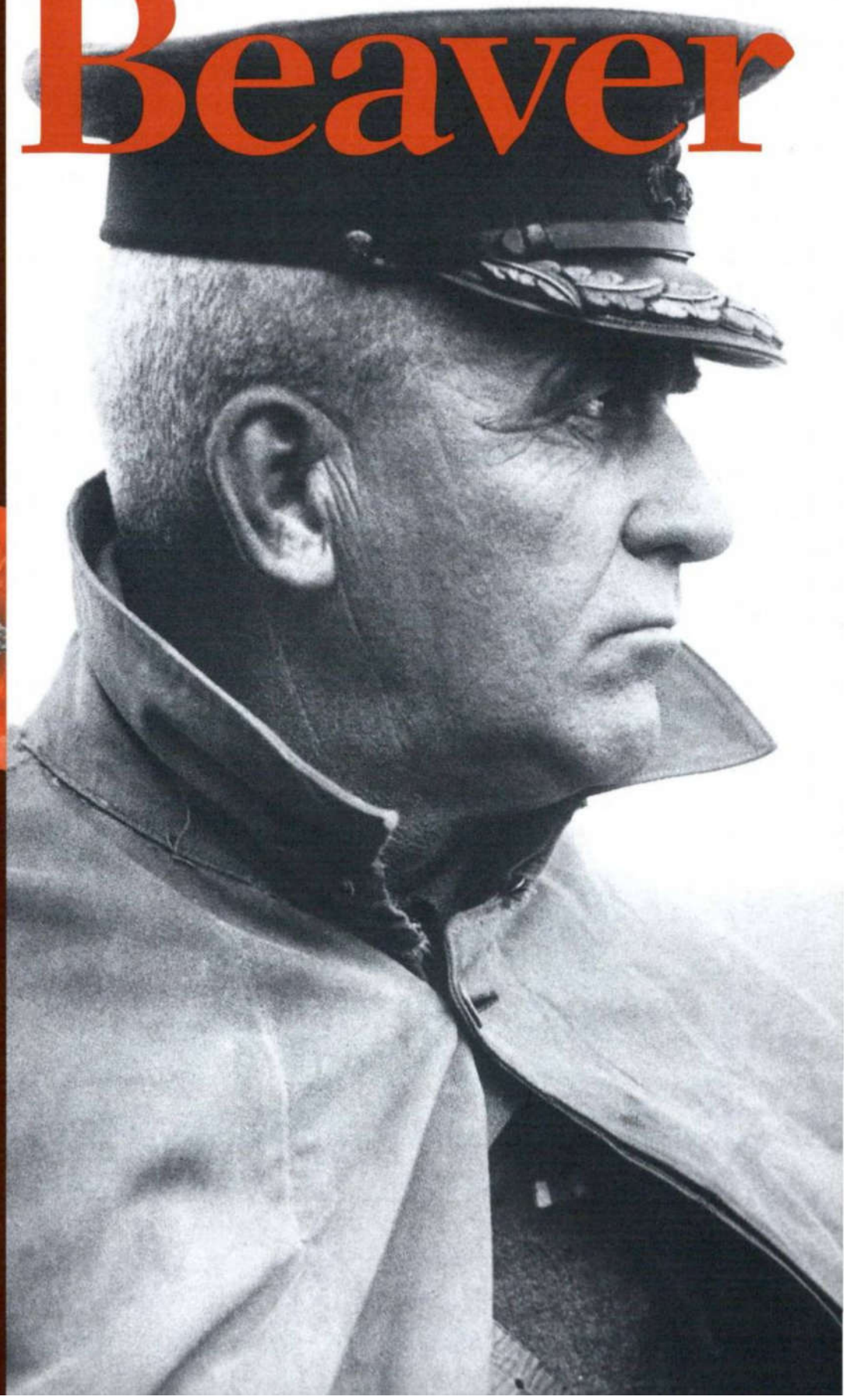

The Obsessions of Sam Hughes

Molly Bobak's War

Never on a Sunday: The Lord's Day Act

The Megantic Outlaw

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The Beaver

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On the cover: General Sam Hughes. National Archives of Canada / C-2468

Letters

More design pioneers

From 1958 when I began to teach art at the secondary level I always included design problems, many of which included letter form and graphic layout. Therefore the article "Master of Design: Clair Stewart's Modernist Mission" [August/September 2003] comes as a very special piece of Canadian cultural history that I should have been aware of from the beginning of my career. It would have been most satisfying to be able to point out to my students that Carl Dair and Alan Fleming had a wonderful compatriot.

And since you have begun on this path would you consider continuing with the above mentioned? Carl Dair was a wonderful teacher and mentor as well as a founding member of the Typographic Designers of Canada, founded in 1956, which became the Society of Graphic Designers of Canada in 1968. Alan Fleming was not identified in the article as the designer of the CN logo, which had such an impact on all Canadians. His company situated in Vancouver still functions today.

Reva Dolgoy
Almonte, Ontario

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Too much fiction

I enjoy fictional history as much as the next person; sometimes it's almost all we have. But it must be based on a certain amount of accuracy. Such is not the case with the article "Journey into the Wilderness," by Adrienne Leduc [June/July 2003].

There was no Ville Marie in 1613; the religious settlement was founded in 1642. In 1613 the only evidence of European civilization was a small wall built by Champlain. The area was largely deserted but was known mainly by the name Grand Rapid (Lachine Rapids today) or *la Place Royale*.

Concerning the Rideau Falls: the height "may" have been some twenty fathoms (about forty metres) high and might have been 100 fathoms wide (in pre-canal days), but modern notations to Champlain's writings suggest an error here, probably twenty to thirty feet high and 200 feet wide. But why on earth would Champlain ever portage past them? They fall at right angles into the Ottawa River and in no way hinder progress up the Ottawa.

The idea of a lodestone in a water-filled dish is quaint but more reliable compasses were readily available by the seventeenth century. Champlain most likely had one.

That the Algonquins would name a waterfall after a boiling kettle is highly unlikely. They could only have seen an iron kettle some ten years earlier, and quite probably did not own one yet and it is improbable they would have named a major physical feature after it. Prior to that they would have heated (not boiled) water by dropping hot rocks into the water. Their hot water would never have bubbled and boiled like a waterfall. *Chaudière* is a French-imposed name, most likely Champlain's interpretation of the Algonquin name.

I am not a professional historian but feel that articles such as these do more harm than good. While the Champlain-Vignau history is intriguing, we will likely never know exactly what happened. Let's just not confuse the issue even more. In addition, the author has appropriated almost completely Champlain's own written words and put them in the mouth of Vignau, about whom we know very little. A sort of second-degree plagiarism?

I would appreciate a bit more rigour on the part of the editors of *Beaver*.

David Chandler
Montreal, Quebec

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Travesty

While I agree with the author of "Canada's Forgotten War" [Explorations, June/July 2003] that it is high time for Canada to take a more realistic attitude to the structure and the use of its military forces, I do not accept his denigration of the army's performance in Korea.

To say that the "Canadian Army did not perform well in Korea, and it repeatedly found itself outfought ... by its vastly more competent and numerous Asian adversaries" is a travesty. It takes no account of the conditions under which the army operated in Korea for the last year and one half of the war. In November 1951 the commander of UN forces in Korea, American general van Fleet, announced at a press conference, of all places, that UN forces would no longer launch attacks against Communist forces. Apparently the reason was to reduce casualties in expectation of an early ceasefire. Of course, this policy had exactly the opposite result. The Chinese were now free to strengthen their already strong defensive positions in which they could shelter large numbers of troops and weapons and, much more importantly, they were free to choose the time and place for their own attacks, free of any risk of interference. The UN forces could only wait to be attacked but could not prevent attacks being launched. It was rather like a prize fight where a fighter is allowed to block his opponent's blows but cannot hit him back.

As for the "devastatingly effective attack" on C-Company, 3RCR on May 2,1953: it was similar to many such attacks launched against the Canadian Brigade in 1952 and 1953. These large-scale raids, in which the attacker had the advantage of surprise and numbers, made initial penetration of the defender's positions inevitable. But the end result of all these attacks was the same: the attack was repulsed. 3RCR, a newly arrived unit on its first tour in the line, held their ground, and it was the Chinese who withdrew.

I am aware that official history cites the brigade commander, who had been only ten days in his post at the time, as stating that the engagement represented a Canadian defeat. However, using his criteria, so was Kapyong. The accepted military definition of defeat in a defensive operation is that the defenders are driven from their position and cannot get it back. That did not happen.

While I do not agree with some of the author's interpretations, I believe that articles like his are a necessary stimulant to public thinking if we are ever to regain our previously respected position in world affairs.

Lieutenant Colonel (ret'd) G.D. Hunt
Canmore, Alberta

Not-so-forgotten war

For a war declared to be Canada's forgotten war, why does the Korean War crop up so often in books and magazine? Why don't these new scribblings coincide with my thoughts on the events which took place?

The line which really got my attention was the declaration that "the Canadian army did not perform well in Korea." The Canadian Brigade was every bit as good as our fellow combatants, the British, Australians, and New Zealanders. Certainly the commander of the Eighth Army must have seen us as vital to his role of preventing the Chinese from dislodging him from the line which was held for approximately two years, as the Commonwealth Division was astride the main invasion route to the Capital of Seoul. The division only had a few miles of front to police, but none could have done it better – when those flares arose on July 27, we were still there. And we Canadians? Well, my battalion of Princess Patricias were holding the absolute key to the right of that line. As for the attack upon Charlie Company of 3RCR on the night of May 2,1953 being a defeat, the forward platoon of Charlie Company was overrun by a force of Chinese so formidable as to be unstoppable. The platoon was devoured but certainly not defeated, the casualties inflicted upon the Chinese being horrendous.

Korea was the last war in which Canadians were actively engaged, and we acquitted ourselves well. We will not allow an author to voice disparaging remarks of the effort without those comments being challenged.

Terrence Flanagan, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

More Letters The redesigned *Beaver* website offers a new section for letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

Pineapples of mass destruction?

The author of the interesting article "Aloha Canada" [June/July 2003] refers to a rebellion by American-born planters who deposed Hawaii's last native monarch and requested annexation to the United States.

From the day that white men first set foot on Hawaiian soil the future and destiny of the islands would be in their hands. The history of Hawaii is similar to that of other areas – discovery by strangers, conquest, colonization, and exploitation, often accompanied by skullduggery.

When Queen Liliuokalani became monarch in 1891 much of the economic and political power had already passed into the hands of the *haoles* (strangers). Determined to restore power to the monarchy, and backed by her people with the rallying cry of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," she set out to repeal a constitution signed by her weak, ineffectual brother, David Kalakaua, that limited his "divine right." Alarmed by the possibility of losing power and control, the established elite who supported annexation by the U.S. set up a Committee of Safety which deposed her and placed her under house arrest. Armed sailors were brought in from an American cruiser in the harbour, ostensibly to protect American lives and property. In 1893 a provisional government was set up.

Liliuokalani submitted "to the superior force of the United States" but wrote to Washington seeking help to reinstate her as the rightful queen. An investigation by incoming president Cleveland found evidence of complicity by his minister and that the so-called revolution was the work of a minority group that did not represent the will of the people. In fact, it was the Hawaiians, perceiving the impending *haole* takeover of their land, who were prepared to follow their queen in her bid to restore power to the monarchy. President Cleveland's instructions were that Liliuokalani's monarchy be restored. The provisional government headed by Sanford B. Dole refused, and in 1894 it proclaimed the Republic of Hawaii. Six years later Hawaii became a territory of the U.S. with Dole as its first governor.

It is interesting to speculate that at the time, Dole's refusal to follow the president's instructions and to create a provisional government might have been considered acts of treason.

Sam Loschiavo
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Currents

If it's not Scottish ... (2)

Some Currents readers may recall last month's issue's notice of a ScotsFest of sorts in Prince Edward Island centred around the colony Lord Selkirk founded 200 years ago. Well, the Scottishness continues. Can you ever get enough Scots? Can you? You can't. This country was founded on the mores of Scots Presbyterianism. We're all hardworking, thrifty, and earnest – yes, even those Canadians who originated far, far from the land of oats and money. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in 1893, "Were I not French, I would choose to be a Scot." Our guess is he was more of one than he knew. Anyway, to get to the point, the redoubtable McCord Museum in Montreal has mounted an exhibit called *The Scots – Dyed-in-the-Wool Montrealers*, which will be on until next September. Late in the eighteenth century and through the nineteenth, Montrealers of Scottish origin dominated the city's commerce, finance, industry, and transportation, and spearheaded advances in scientific research, higher education, and political organization. (And they didn't do too shabbily in the rest of the country either. Our 2000 edition of the *Canadian Encyclopedia* has thirty pages of accomplished Macs and Mcs alone.) Many Scots built thriving businesses and left significant legacies to Montreal and Canada – James McGill (university), A.W. Ogilvie (oats, again), Simon McTavish (fur), William C. Macdonald (tobacco), David Ross McCord (museum), to mention a handful. Clearly, being Scots is more than banging away on a bagpipe and hoovering up the single malt. The question is: how did this cultural group, the majority of whom came from modest origins, achieve such dramatic success? *Dyed in the Wool* may provide some of the answers.

Corporal Jeff McCarthy, Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment), Montreal branch.

Italian Things

HARRY FOSTER / CANADIAN MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION

Organetto – Italian diatonic accordion

After the Vikings, probably the first European to come into contact with the landmass that today we lovingly call Canada was an Italian. His name was anglicized and he claimed the coast of Newfoundland for England, but Giovanni Caboto – John Cabot in the land of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding – hailed from Venice. Which is one way of suggesting that Canada's Italian heritage has, well, a heritage. Still, it wasn't until the late nineteenth century that Italians emigrated in force to Canada and became a presence – a *presenza* – in cities and towns. *Presenza*. Hmm, sounds like a good title for something – a perfume, say, or perhaps an exhibit at the Canadian Museum of Civilization on the heritage and day-to-day lives of Italian Canadians. Well, whaddayaknow, the CMV *does* have such an exhibit, and it's on until September 2004. Indeed, it's being billed as the first major national exhibition on this very topic. The exhibit contains more than three hundred artifacts, ranging from a traditional accordion to folk art to an ornate Sicilian cart to a Venetian gondola. There's even a restored Fiat Topolino, a sort of Italian Volkswagen, on display. *Presenza* explores the traditions and skills Italian immigrants brought with them to Canada, and how these have become woven into general society – worth considering next time you sit down to a cappuccino.

Money makes the world go around

In Cheryl MacDonald's story "Never on a Sunday," which begins on page 41, you will learn that in 1895 four Toronto golfers were fined five dollars each for playing golf on the Lord's Day. Peanuts, you'll think at first. Five dollars isn't even lunch these days. Pay it, and get on with the game. But our golfers appealed. And why wouldn't they? Adjusted for inflation, the fine was almost a hundred dollars each in today's money, which would give pause to almost anyone thinking of offending the majesty of the deity on his (or her) designated day.

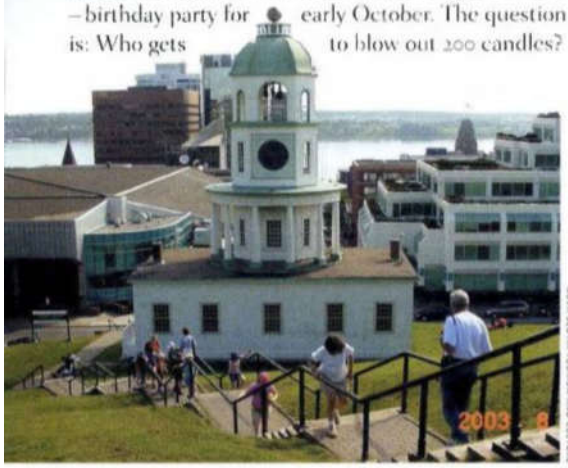
Often a *Beaver* story will attach some such dollar figure to a past event, and readers will take it in stride, aware that – without a doubt – a buck ain't worth what it used to be. But sometimes you can't help wondering: If, as Benita Baker writes in "Frozen Fire: Unearthing LeBreton Flats," which starts on page 32, lumber manufacturer J.R. Booth in 1900 "contributed almost five thousand dollars a day to [Ottawa's] economy," was it chump change or a hefty sum? What was the purchasing power of a 1900 dollar? Or a 1931 dollar? Or an 1867 dollar?

Fortunately, there are some websites that can provide the answer, or at least a decent approximation. The Bank of Canada's inflation calculator at <**www.bankofcanada.ca/en/inflation_calc.htm**> uses monthly consumer price index (CPI) data from 1914 to the present to show changes in the cost of a fixed "basket" of consumer purchases. You can enter a dollar figure for any of the last eighty-nine years and find today's equivalent. For instance, things generally cost seventeen times what they did in 1914, more than six times what they did in 1964. This doesn't get us precisely to the value of J.R. Booth's daily contribution to the Ottawa economy, but it comes close. Several American websites, however, include the year 1900 and earlier in their CPI calculations. Using Economic History Service's website, <**http://eh.net/hmit/compare**>, it turns out ol' J.R. was contributing the 1900 equivalent of $106,000 a day to Ottawa's economy – over $38 million a year. Not chump change, all considered.

Old money and its change in value over time is endlessly fascinating. For a general website that acts as a portal to the stuff that makes the world go around, try <**www.ex.ac.uk/~RDavies/arian/current/how much.html**>.

On time

Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III, father of Queen Victoria, and commander of His Majesty's troops in Nova Scotia, was a stickler for punctuality. There was no excuse for being late for work, and to make sure there was none, he had a clock built in Halifax at a very strategic location so that all could see the time of day. October 20 marks the 200th anniversary of said clock – the Old Town Clock, on the harbour slope of Citadel Hill, high above the streets of Halifax. It's taken a licking (how about that Halifax Explosion?) but it's kept on ticking. Though a few commercial towers have muscled into view in the last few decades, the landmark turret timepiece is still visible enough for lots of Haligonians to set their watches by. Built in London, and set in a three-tiered, octagon tower, itself placed atop a building of classical Palladian proportions, the mechanism has remained intact for two centuries – which says something for the quality of manufacture in the olden days. To mark the clock's bicentennial, the Halifax Citadel National Historic Site authorities have scheduled a – guess what? – birthday party for early October. The question is: Who gets to blow out 200 candles?



NOVA SCOTIA TOURISM AND CULTURE

Take the day off

October 3: To mark the inauguration in 1927 of transatlantic phone service between Canada and Britain. Hello?

October 21: To note the 1671 ordinance issued by Jean Talon, intendant of New France, compelling bachelors to marry the *filles du roi* or be prohibited from fishing, hunting, or trading furs. Shop for rings.

November 12: To celebrate the opening in 1931 of Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. Shoot. Score.

November 23: To observe the installation in Montreal in 1815 of the first street lamps in Canada, fueled by whale oil. Sing Debbie Boone's 1977 hit.

Acadiamania

In advance of the Acadian World Congress gathering in Nova Scotia in 2004 to mark the 400th anniversary of Acadian settlement, two priests, Father Daniel Boudreau and his cousin Father Anselme Chiasson from Cheticamp, Cape Breton Island, have recorded 566 French and Acadian songs they have been gathering since the early 1940s – the work of a lifetime. In the pre-tape-recorder age, they gathered them into books. Now, you can hear their gatherings thanks to CKJM Cooperative Radio in Cheticamp. For a small fee, you may download a recording of Fr. Boudreau performing a capella such songs as *C'est mon beau château* and *Cécilia* (not the Simon and Garfunkel one). Or you can hear a snippet for free. To do so, go to <www.ckjm.ca> and follow the links.

"Our Elizabethan adventure"

We knew the date: 1953. We knew their names: George, Margaret, and Jimmy Whitford. And the photograph, supplied by Winnipegger Shirley Bergen and published on the back page of the August/September issue of the *Beaver*, indicated what the Whitfords were doing: travelling across Canada by bicycle. That was all we knew. We wondered, though, if some of our clever readers might be able to winkle out the Whitfords' whereabouts today. Well, damned if they didn't.

Did the Whitfords reach Vancouver? That, and more. Margaret Whitford, alive and well and living in Parksville, B.C., reports that after a three-and-a-half-month trip on their three-speed tandem bicycle beginning in Quebec City, they arrived in Vancouver during its run of the Pacific National Exhibition and almost immediately found work on a chicken farm in Duncan, on Vancouver Island. Sponsored by an uncle in Kelowna, they had emigrated to Canada in 1953 to escape the privations of postwar England, where rationed food was ongoing and housing was at a premium. They chose to bicycle across Canada rather than take the train because people were doing unusual things to mark the Queen's coronation that year. "Our Elizabethan adventure," she calls it. Cycling cross-Canada was usual enough fifty years ago to warrant press and public attention. To deal with photo demands (and to offset costs), the young couple had a picture taken outside Ottawa made into a postcard, which they sold for twenty-five cents. This is the photo that Shirley Bergen's mother-in-law Susanne acquired – likely, according to Margaret, near Portage and Main in Winnipeg where a curious crowd gathered while the Whitfords retrieved their mail forwarded from the U.K.

Bergen family speculation was that the Whitfords might have been peace activists who had stayed at Susanne's boarding house. Not so, says Margaret. They did involve themselves in peace activities, but not in 1953. Their church connection came later. George became a United Church minister and served in Calgary and Vancouver before retirement.

And life since? Well, it hasn't been devoid of bicycling. George and Margaret did a marathon cycle of Australia in 1984, and, in 1999, with son Jimmy (more properly James, an archaeologist living in England), retraced their cross-Canada route to mark the International Year of Older Persons. Today, Margaret chairs the town of Parksville's bicycle advisory committee.

Three more children and seven grandchildren later, Margaret happily agrees that it was all worth it. "Canada," she says, "has been good for us – and to us."

Picking a Leader

W.L.M. King campaigning in 1919 leadership convention.

When they gather in Toronto next month to choose a successor to Jean Chrétien, Liberal delegates from across the country will be meeting at the party's seventh national leadership convention in nearly a century. All seven have picked leaders who went on to become prime minister: Mackenzie King (1919), Louis St. Laurent (1948), Lester Pearson (1958), Pierre Trudeau (1968), John Turner (1984), Jean Chrétien (1990), and, almost certainly, Paul Martin (2003).

As it has turned out, 2003 has truly been "the year of conventions." Never before have three national parties met in the course of a single year to select new leaders. The NDP was first off the mark in January with an easy one-ballot win for Toronto's Jack Layton. The Tories followed four months later when, after four ballots, Peter MacKay was chosen to succeed Joe Clark. With the expected selection of the Liberal's Paul Martin in mid-November, the trio of 2003 party leadership conventions will have drawn to a close in the lead-up to an expected 2004 federal election.

Have Canadian parties always turned to large gatherings of constituency delegates and party officials to elect their leaders? Not at all. Between Confederation in 1867 and the early twenty-first century, our parties have used a variety of leadership selection arrangements. Some of these, such as the appointment of the leader by a small group of MPs, senators, and party executive officers, were borne of necessity out of the hardships of war or the dire financial straits of a party. Others, particularly the more recent "one person, one vote" method of choosing leaders, have reflected changing social values and the gradually more inclusive rendering of such fundamental democratic concepts as "participation" and "representation."

From 1867 to the end of the First World War, the Conservatives and Liberals (the only two parties of any significance on the political scene throughout that period) chose their leaders through a close approximation of the practices then followed by their namesakes in Great Britain. When a prime minister died or resigned, his successor was chosen through a mix of informal "soundings" of senior parliamentarians and consultations with the Crown's representative. In effect this meant that a handful of cabinet ministers chose the new leader and prime minister in concert with the governor general. That elite process was followed when John A. Macdonald (1867), J.J.C. Abbott (1891), John Thompson (1892), and Mackenzie Bowell (1894) were chosen. Government backbenchers, who numerically made up the great bulk of the party in Parliament, played no formal role in selection.

On the Opposition benches the process was somewhat more democratic. For the first five decades after Confederation, the official opposition party, whether Liberal or Conservative, ensured that MPs would play a role in naming their leader. Alexander Mackenzie (1873), Edward Blake (1880), Wilfrid Laurier (1887), and Robert Borden (1901) were elected to their respective party's leadership by a formal vote of all members of their parliamentary caucuses. In some cases (most notably when Blake strongly endorsed Laurier as his successor), the retiring leader played a critical role in arranging the transition. In others (as when Mackenzie abruptly resigned the leadership following a dispute with his colleagues and announced that he would henceforth "speak and act for no person" but himself), the retiring leader took no part in naming his successor.

Leadership selection by a handful of political elites or MPs is now of historic interest only. It has been replaced by an institutional arrangement that moves the party far beyond the Hill in Ottawa and enables a substantially greater number of Canadians to participate in electing a party's leader. That process is, of course, the leader-

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

ship convention, in which leaders are chosen by delegates from the party membership. After eight decades on the federal scene it has become a familiar and much publicized institutional arrangement.

National party leadership conventions owe their creation to a fluke of Canadian history. At the conclusion of the First World War, Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party, put out a call for a convention of party members to be held in 1919 to discuss party policy and organization. But before the 1,135 delegates gathered in Ottawa, Laurier died. The Liberal executive seized the opportunity to turn the assembly of party activists from every riding in the country into a forum for selecting the party's new leader. Thus Mackenzie King, who at the time did not hold a seat in Parliament, beat three seasoned MPs on the third ballot to become the country's first national party leader to be chosen by convention.

The convention had come at an ideal time for the Liberals. The fight over conscription in 1917 had split the party, and its forces in Parliament were small and drawn overwhelmingly from Quebec. A national convention allowed the party to move beyond its Quebec base and to widen the number of participants in selecting a leader. The idea was to make the convention more representative of the country as a whole than the small Liberal parliamentary caucus.

The model established by the Liberals in 1919, though only about a quarter the size of the more modern conventions, has since been copied in varying ways by almost every other party.* Invariably a majority of the delegates entitled to vote at a convention are chosen by constituency parties, generally with an equal number of delegates from all ridings. In stark contrast to the elite-dominated process first followed by Canadian parties, MPs, senators, and various party officials are in the minority at a convention. Quotas have been established by most parties to ensure representation of certain demographically defined groups, notably women, youth, university students, and aboriginals.

The terms used by the Liberals to justify their shift to a leadership convention in 1919 have remained to this day the principal rationale for all parties. A decision-making body composed of a vastly greater number of participants is claimed to be more democratic than a small group of parliamentary elites, and the more socially diverse group of participants is seen as more representative of the country as a whole. (*Democracy* and *representativeness* figure prominently in the language of party officials at every convention.)

Leadership conventions have effectively ended the caucus's monopoly over the selection of a party leader, with a curious result. The value of an established parliamentary career is open to question. "Outsiders" (those with little or no prior parliamentary experience) have a proven tendency to win the leadership. Successful provincial premiers have won their party's national leadership in both the Conservative and New Democratic parties. John Bracken (1942), George Drew (1948), and Robert Stanfield (1967) were all elected Tory leader, as was Tommy Douglas (1961) chosen to head the NDP at its founding convention. Brian Mulroney (1983) had never run for public office at any level when he was named Tory leader, and Jack Layton (2003) came out of municipal politics in Toronto to gain the NDP leadership. For their part, every Liberal leader from Mackenzie King to Jean Chrétien either has been without a seat in the Commons at the time of selection or has beaten other candidates who had served for many years on the government or Opposition front benches. In contrast to the earlier elite-dominated selections, leadership conventions have meant that political experience – at least as measured by number of years in parliament and, possibly, service as a cabinet minister – has with few exceptions been a handicap for those interested in becoming their party's leader. Paul Martin's expected win deviates from the past practice of looking for leaders outside Parliament. Whether this represents a situation unique to the Liberals in 2003 or whether it's a foretaste of future leadership selections remains unclear.

Leadership conventions began to receive a bad press in the 1970s. Questionable delegate selection meetings tarnished the process, and it became an established fact, in the two older parties at least, that a candidate needed to raise several million dollars to mount a serious campaign. These criticisms coincided with the development of (a) technologies such as touch-tone telephones and Internet voting that enabled, depending upon the voting system a party opted for, party members to "participate" directly from their home, office, or automobile, and (b) the creation of the Reform Party. Preston Manning, chosen leader of the fledgling party in 1987, promised to make Canadian politics more "participatory" through the direct involvement of citizens in the political processes.

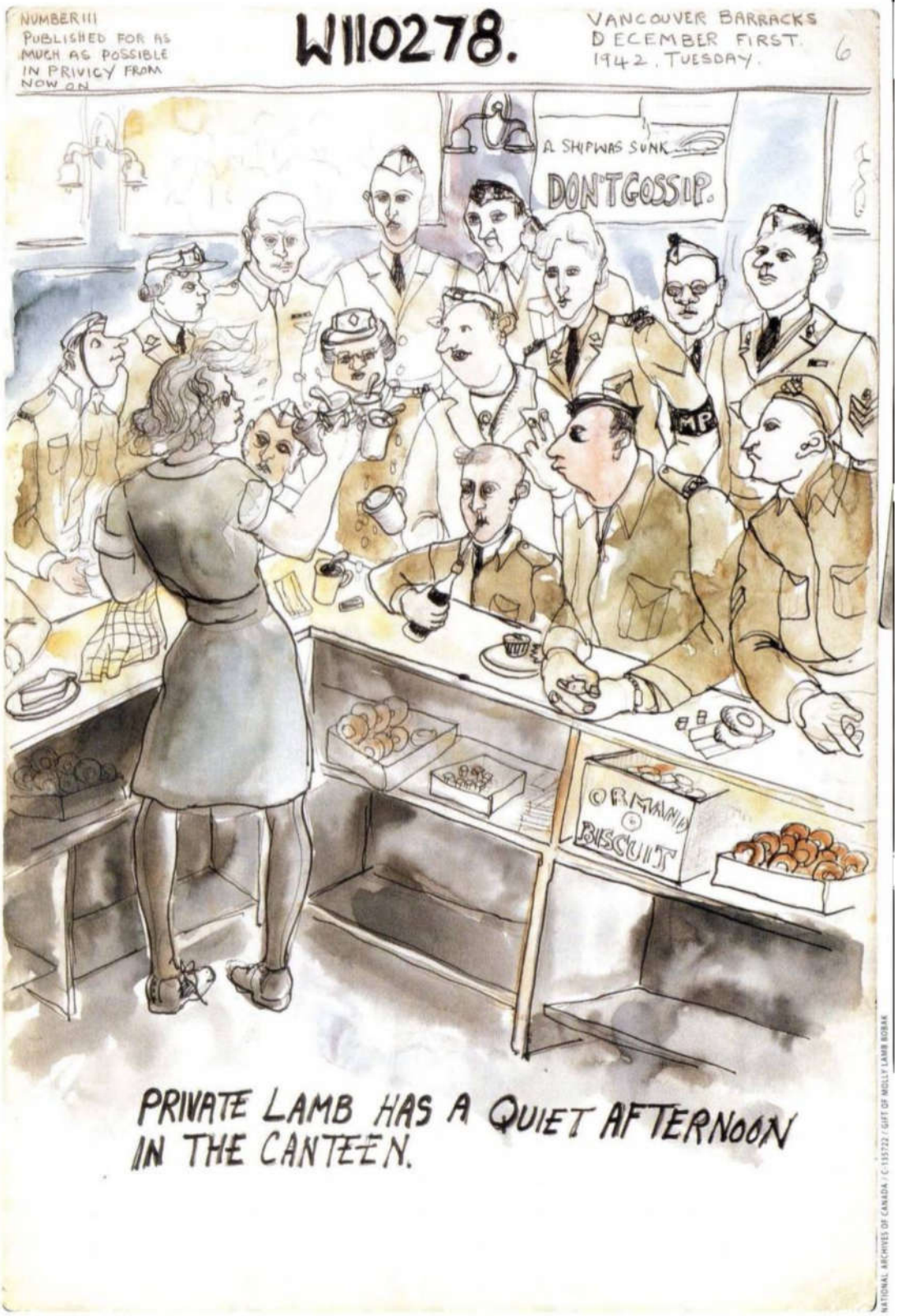
The confluence of these events prompted several parties at the federal and provincial levels to experiment with some form or another of so-called "direct democracy." The "one person, one vote" principle underlying large-scale participation in political decision-making opens up the leadership selection process to a greater number of participants than ever before. Mass involvement in the selection process might come in delegate selection meetings at the constituency level, as will be the case with the Liberals in 2003. Or, as demonstrated by the Alliance leadership contest won by Stephen Harper in 2002, in the party's entire membership voting. At the time of Harper's first ballot defeat of Stockwell Day, 88,526 votes were cast – a record for a national leadership contest.

Such a figure is a far cry from the early days of Canadian politics when party leaders were named by a select few. Will future leaders emerge who are demonstrably better than those produced in the first few post-Confederation decades? Will parliamentary careers remain an impediment to party leadership? Only the passage of time will enable Canadians to judge whether the move to wider participation in leadership selection has been for the better.

*Canada pioneered leadership conventions within the British Empire. In Britain, for instance, the Conservatives relied on informal soundings into the 1960s while Labour used a complex mix of union, party constituencies, and MPs for most of the twentieth century.

John C. Courtney, a political scientist at the University of Saskatchewan, is the author of *Do Conventions Matter: Choosing National Party Leaders in Canada*, published by McGill-Queen's University Press.

"As Only a Girl Could See It"



Clockwise from near left, from *W110278: The Personal Records of Private Lamb, M.* Watercolour, pen, and black ink over pencil on wove paper:

Private Lamb has a Quiet Afternoon in the Canteen, British Columbia, December 1, 1942.

Molly Lamb Enters the Army, British Columbia, November 22, 1942.

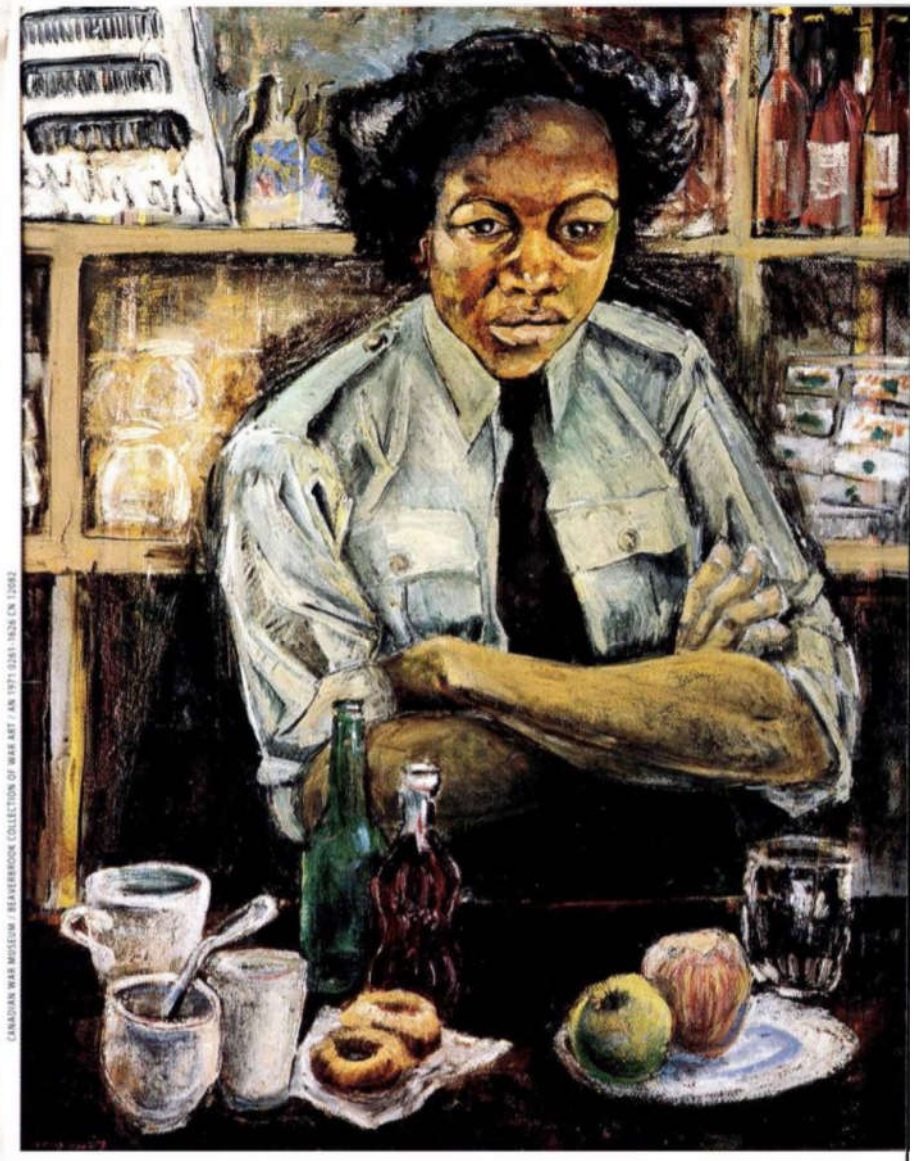
Fall Fashions of 1943, September 1942.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-135722 / GIFT OF MOLLY LAMB BOBAK

The War Art of Molly Lamb Bobak

by Philip Jensen

W110278.
GIRL TAKES DRASTIC STEP!
"YOUR IN THE ARMY NOW"
AS MEDICAL TEST OKAYED.
PRIVATE LAMB LOOKING AT RAIN
THE WORK
THE BEDROOM
W110278
FOR LADIES W110278 PRESENTS
1943 FALL FASHIONS
Q.M. STORE
1. "HATS WILL BE ON THE FACE THIS FALL" SAYS MODAM MOUTON (ENGLISH PRONOUNCIATION=LAMB).
2. SPORTS MODEL (DATE DRESS) FOR THE BUSY MISS.
3. GOING AWAY SUIT (WITH SHELL PINK GLASSES TO MATCH) PRIVATE, WINTER MODEL (SUMMER VARIETY WENT OUT WITH PARTIE ORDERS SEPT. 13).
4 - BATTLE DRESS - REAR VIEW. "A CREATION FROM THE EXCELLENT SHINE OF COOKERY."
5
THE FAMOUS RED SLIPPERS CADGED FROM MILITARY HOSPITAL AND LACQUERED AT WORK.
6.
THE NEW BRACMAR SWEATER - WORN AFTER 8 DAYS WORK AND ON WEEKENDS — PEARLS BY BIRKS, NO LESS.
HAMILTON C.A.T.S.
NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 133727 / GIFT OF MOLLY LAMB BOBAK
NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 133764 / GIFT OF MOLLY LAMB BOBAK



Private Roy, Canadian Women's Army Corps (above). Oil on masonite.

It was 1945 and hostilities were already winding down when Second Lieutenant Molly Lamb received her appointment to the Canadian Army Historical Section. In June she sailed for Europe, crossing paths with the troopships that were bringing soldiers home from the fighting. But Molly was happy. For a time it had seemed that the only Canadian woman to be officially appointed as a war artist during World War II might not make it overseas at all. Looking back across the decades, Molly is today convinced that it was

Lieutenant Molly Lamb (right), June 1945.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-113771

Clockwise from above:

Private Margaret Hubbard, 1943/1944, from *W110278: The Personal Records of Private Lamb, M.*

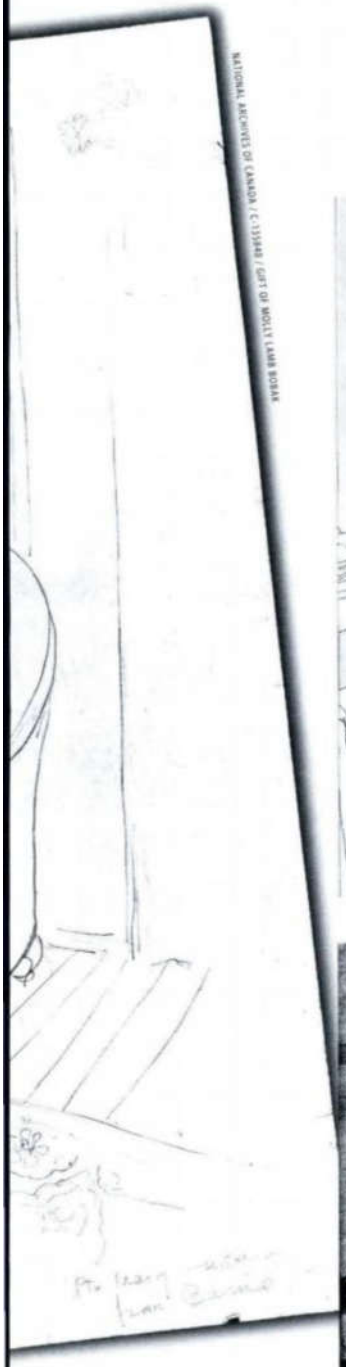
Canadian Women's Army Corps Sleeping Quarters in the Administration Building, Oct 45, 1st Echelon, Bad Zwischenhan, Germany. Watercolour, ink, and graphite on paper.

Canteen, Nijmegen, Holland. Oil and ink on canvas, 1945.

Group of Seven artist A.Y. Jackson who tipped the balance in her favour. "I was in the army three years before they made me a war artist," she recalls. "I didn't know how much those old colonels were against women war artists at the time."

Born on February 25, 1920, on Lulu Island near Vancouver, Molly now lives on the other side of the country with her husband and fellow war artist Bruno Bobak. The couple moved to Fredericton in 1960 to work as artists-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick. She still visits her daughter on Vancouver Island several times each year, catching up on family news and gathering inspiration for the large beach paintings that many art lovers associate with the name Molly Lamb Bobak.

"I grew up in an environment of art, but it was unselfconscious," she says. "I was just a little girl with an inferiority complex." Molly wasn't very interested in school, but loved drawing and painting, so when she turned sixteen her mother enrolled her in the Vancouver School of Art. The training was very academic, and Molly



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-135840 / GIFT OF MOLLY LAMB BOBAK

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / BEAVERBROOK COLLECTION OF WAR ART / AN 1971 0261-1588 CN 12044

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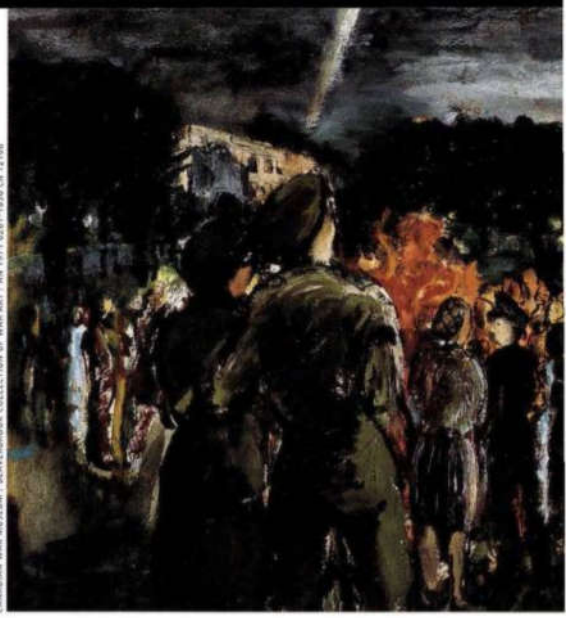
PHILIP JENSEN



CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / BEAVERBROOK COLLECTION OF WAR ART / AN 1971 0261-1650 CN 12106

COURTESY WINCHESTER GALLERIES LTD., VICTORIA

"It was a matter of documentation . . . . To record what you saw. I was the one that did it for the women."

wanted to quit, but her mother insisted that it was important to finish whatever she started. Molly returned for a second year—and met Jack Shadbolt.

"Taking a class from Jack hit me at just the right time. I really felt I learned a lot from him. Jack taught form and structure, but he didn't insist you do it his way. He'd tell you how the bones and muscles worked in a foot, and you'd draw them. Jack was the biggest influence I had."

It's typical of Molly that her conversation evokes names such as Jack Shadbolt and A.Y. Jackson. She doesn't speak as a simple admirer of these icons of Canadian art, but remembers them with great fondness as mentors and friends. Her friendship with Jackson, for instance, had deep roots. When she was a little girl in Vancouver, Jackson would visit her father, a mining engineer by profession who liked to write magazine articles on art.

Molly joined the army in 1942, caught up in the emotional climate of the times. But as far as the army was concerned, twenty-two-year-old Private Lamb didn't have any of the skills expected of a working woman of that era. "They didn't know what to do with me," she says. "I didn't even type."

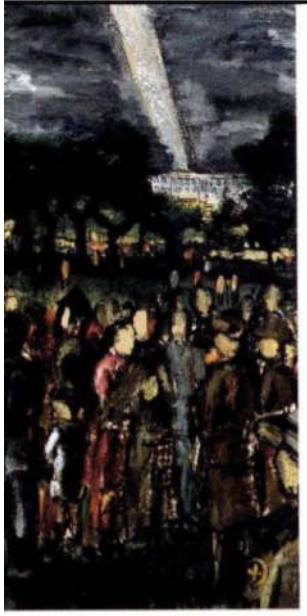
It was natural that with her background and training, she'd aspire to be a war artist. In the meantime, she found joy in her assignment as a canteen worker, spending her off hours observing, writing, and sketching. *Private Roy*, one of the portraits Molly painted during that period, has remained one of her favourites for more than half a century. "We worked together in the canteen," she says. "I don't know what happened to her. It's just one of those little mysteries of life."

While waiting for the army to recognize her talents as an artist, Molly began a sketch diary entitled *w110278* (her regimental number). Describing the document many years later, fellow war artist Charles Comfort wrote, "I first saw this unique diary in its original form and was much impressed by its unorthodox format. The essence of the diary and the events, the humour and the reality it conveys bring us

Clockwise from above left: Molly Lamb Bobak, 2003.

Victory Japan Celebrations. Oil and watercolour on paper.

Beach with Black Rock. Oil on board / 61 cm x 91 cm, circa 1987.



Molly's zest for life and her special way of looking at things."

In February 1943, Molly was sent to NCO school at Macdonald College in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, near Montreal. After graduation, Lance Corporal Lamb was transferred to Toronto for an army drafting course. It was a far cry from what she'd been expecting, but there were compensations. Remembering that A.Y. Jackson lived in Toronto, Molly sent him a note asking if she could come for a visit.

"It was love at first sight," she says. "At the time he would be sixty something, and I would be twenty something. There was no romance. Everybody loved him, you know. He was a smart man. He was my best friend."

Jackson was a better friend than she even knew. Soon after that first visit he wrote to H.O. (Harry) McCurry, director of the National Gallery. He described Molly's sketches as "very real stuff. The army from the inside as only a girl could see it. I know of no woman artist in Canada who could do such stuff under such conditions. If she had half a chance she could go places."

Jackson introduced Molly to Charles Comfort, and her determination to join the ranks of official war artists was renewed. She hitchhiked to Ottawa to plead her case, and was rewarded with an assignment working on technical drawings of engines in the Trades Training Office. Her disappointment was compounded when she was put on charge for being AWOL, after returning late from a visit to her parents on the West Coast. Molly paid for her transgression with a loss of rank and a transfer to Hamilton, where she was put to work illustrating meat-cutting charts for the army's cooking school.

In early 1944, Molly hitchhiked back to Ottawa with two paintings she planned to enter in the Canadian Army art show. Soon after returning to base, she received notice that her entries had been rejected. Then came word that it was all a mistake. Molly was awarded second prize, though required to share it with another artist. First prize went to an artist already serving overseas, a young man by the name of Bruno Bobak. It was a pivotal moment in Molly's career.

That spring her name was accepted by the committee for War Records Artists, and she was transferred to the officers' training school at Macdonald College. She graduated with the rank of second lieutenant, and in June embarked for England. Nine Canadian artists were already stationed in London when she arrived. Among them was Bruno Bobak. Molly was assigned to share a studio with Bruno, and one thing led to another. She describes their relationship and romance without embellishment. "We had a good time in London, then came back to Toronto and got married."

But in the meantime there was a great deal of work to be done at the front. "It was a matter of documentation," Molly says. "That was our mandate. To record what you saw. I was the one that did it for the women."

She travelled through Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, and England, creating art that depicted the role of women in the armed forces. And she did it her way. "They gave the war artists cameras, but I didn't take one," she recalls. "They gave me a truck, and a driver whose name was Lucky. The truck was big in the back, and I sketched from there."

Lucky had gone though the entire war without a scratch. But teaming up with Molly nearly proved his undoing. "We had a terrible accident in Holland," she remembers. "It was my fault. I gave Lucky some brandy, and he drank it. We went into some trees, and I was thrown out and the truck went on fire. We never got a court-martial; there was never even an investigation."

After the war, the young couple moved to Ottawa, where Bruno started a job with the federal government. But the West was calling, and they went out to Vancouver. Bruno taught at the Vancouver School of Art, while Molly looked after their two children and painted at home. In their spare time, they built a house in Lynn Valley right next door to Ron Thom, the architect who would later build Massey College in Toronto.

One of the few surviving artists of her generation, Molly looks back on her early work and notes that her style hasn't really changed. "My art has always been rather simple and rather direct. No secret ideas behind it."

These days, she takes pleasure in painting large, outdoor scenes. The pieces are straightforward, often depicting a broad beach and big, wet sky, with very few people. "It's a theme I suppose I'll continue for the rest of my life," Molly says.

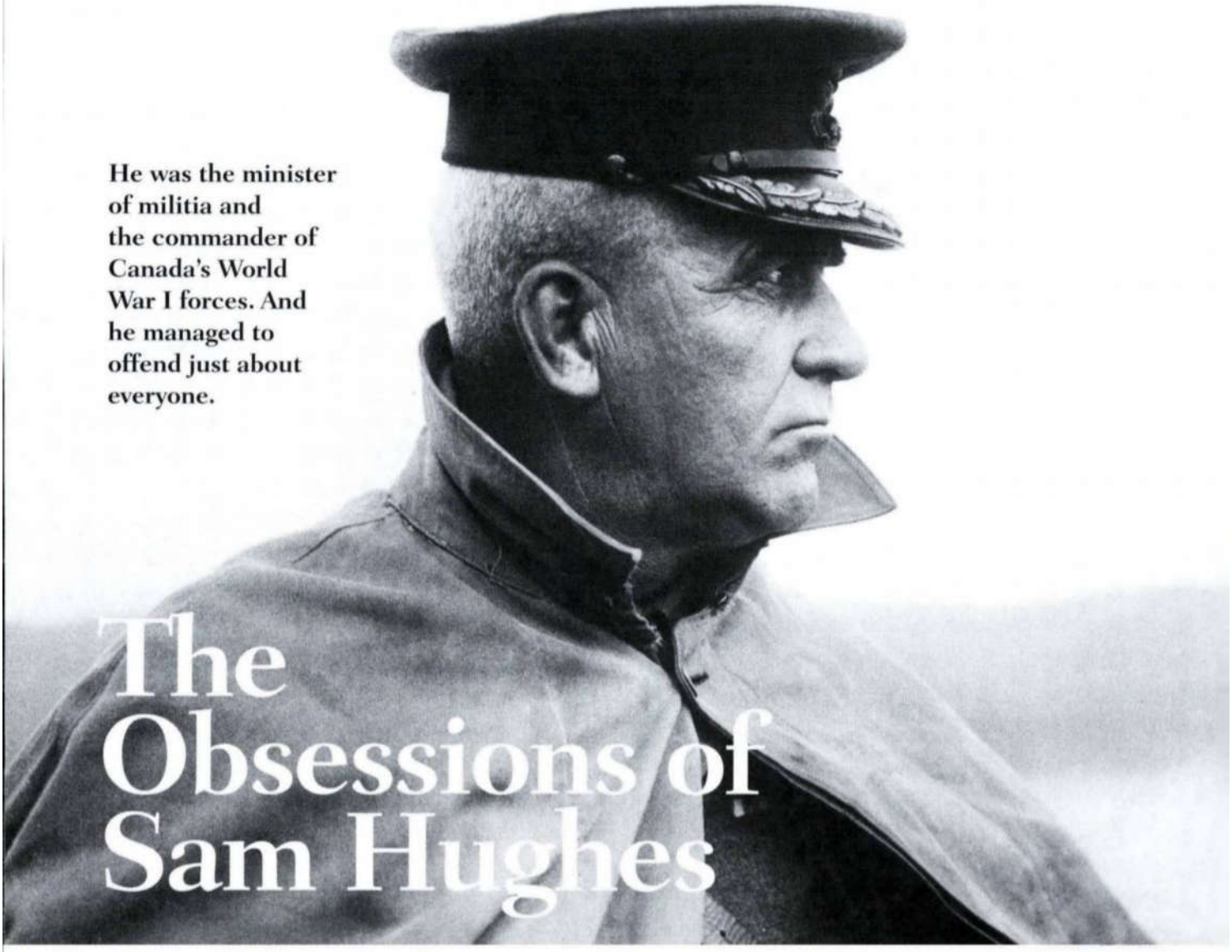
"I think I lived in a terribly interesting era in this country. It's been very good to me. In the time that I lived, it was a growing period. It was a very good time to be alive. If there is one word to sum it up, it would be optimism." 🖼

Philip Jensen is a Victoria writer.

et cetera

Double Duty: Sketches and Diaries of Molly Lamb Bobak, Canadian War Artist **edited by Carolyn Gossage. Dundurn Press, Toronto & Oxford, 1992.**

He was the minister of militia and the commander of Canada's World War I forces. And he managed to offend just about everyone.



The Obsessions of Sam Hughes

by Robert Stewart

Samuel Hughes was forty-seven years old when he first heard a shot fired in anger. This was in South Africa in 1900, after he had travelled halfway around the world to fight in the Boer War. A controversial ex-newspaperman, member of Parliament, and commanding officer of a militia battalion back home in Lindsay, Ontario, Hughes had planned to raise a force of seventy-five hundred Canadian volunteers and personally lead it into battle. Army headquarters in Ottawa had thwarted that typically grandiose scheme, but he had gone to the war zone anyway, and managed to get himself attached to a British expedition as its intelligence officer and chief scout.

Having borne arms in the militia since he was a farm boy of twelve, Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes was finally on the trail of martial glory. In March he led a dashing raid on an enemy stronghold that captured over two hundred Boers. But in doing so he disobeyed the orders of a general whose competence and veracity he had questioned in the press. The irate general had him dismissed for insubordination. The incident only confirmed Hughes's opinion that regular British officers were a lot of hidebound bunglers with a prejudice against progressive citizen-soldiers like himself.

On his return to Canada he resumed his role as militia critic for the Conservative opposition. As such he was appointed in 1901 to a parliamentary committee struck to review a proposal made to the Liberal government by Scottish inventor Sir Charles Ross. The Canadian forces needed an up-to-date infantry arm,

and Britain had been unable to fill a Dominion government order for fifteen thousand Imperial standard Lee-Enfield rifles. Ross offered to fill the gap by adapting his patented sporting rifle to military use and manufacturing it in a plant in Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Quebec City constituency.

When Ross invited committee members to test fire his prototype, Hughes—a keen target shooter who put great stock in the military value of marksmanship—was smitten by it. Its straight-pull mechanism and high chamber pressure allowed it to shoot faster and farther than any bolt-action repeater known. The gunwise MP recommended several modifications to meet service requirements. Ross incorporated these in his Mark I military model, which the committee ordered to be tested against the Lee-Enfield in simulated battlefield conditions in August 1901.

While the British rifle performed smoothly, the Ross repeatedly seized up and overheated. Unperturbed, its inventor explained that the faults could be corrected with a few technical adjustments. No one was more willing to take his word than Sam Hughes, who voted to adopt the Ross as Canada's official infantry arm.

Hughes had his own reasons for wanting Canada to have a military rifle of its own, not the least of which was that it would mean thumbing a nose at the British. He was still fuming over his treatment in South Africa, claiming that his English superior officers had deprived him of the Victoria Cross, the British Empire's highest award for bravery. One generation out of Northern Ireland, he was fiercely loyal to the Crown, but he was also a fierce Canadian nationalist who resented British control over Dominion military affairs. He believed that the part-time soldiers of Canada's militia were latently superior to regular troops, but to meet their potential, they must have proper weaponry. The Imperial authorities in charge of providing their arms habitually saddled them with hand-me-down rifles. Once the Ross was developed, Canadians would wield what he called "the most perfect military rifle in every sense in the world today."

His sentiments were shared by large numbers of his countrymen to whom the Ross became a symbol of Canada's growing independence. When the British government appealed to Ottawa to stick with the Lee-Enfield for the sake of Imperial uniformity, it was widely seen as just another instance of the old country lording it over its ex-colony. The Ross became the Avro Arrow of its day, a potentially world-beating example of Canadian industrial prowess. But like the Arrow, it cost a lot of taxpayers' money. The Ross Rifle Company had hardly opened its doors before it began lapping up government cash advances and tax rebates.

Sir Charles's "few adjustments" snowballed into a succession of major changes. The flaws in the Mark I proved dangerous; one marksman was blinded and another killed by explosions in its breech. The scandal over its

Vain, intemperate, erratic, and charming, Sam Hughes, left, and saluting, below, (1853–1921) failed to live up to his early promise as a genius of the war effort. He mobilized the first contingent of soldiers in an atmosphere of chaos, advanced his cronies into positions of authority, rebuffed criticism of the Ross rifle (though its failings were evident to every soldier in the trenches), and brooked no criticism from anyone in authority. The war was over two years old before mild-mannered prime minister Robert Borden had the pluck to sack him.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-2429

One of Hughes's less intelligent equipment choices was the MacAdam shovel (above, right), a digging tool he named for his secretary. Manufactured with a four-inch handle and a hole in the centre, it was designed for digging and for sighting a rifle while the shovel protected the soldier's head from bullets. In practice, the metal wasn't strong enough to counter bullets and the hole made it useless for digging.

The Second Battle of Ypres (far right) by Richard Jack. Between April 22 and 25, 1915 at Ypres, Canadian troops successfully prevented a German breakthrough, even though enemy troops were making the first effective gas attack on the Western Front. Gasping and vomiting in the greenish-yellow clouds of chlorine, their eyes running, the soldiers were further hampered by their Ross rifles, which jammed, needed frequent reloading, and became too hot to hold in rapid fire. At Ypres, Canadians suffered over six thousand casualties.

defects, cost overruns, and production delays should have been a godsend to the Tory opposition, but its own defence critic refused to hear a bad word about it. When Hughes was not praising the "all-Canadian" rifle, he was knocking its rival. "I will swallow the Lee-Enfield that does not jam when I fire it," he declared with characteristic hyperbole.

In 1911 the Conservatives came to power under Prime Minister Robert Borden, who made Hughes minister of militia even though he had noted the latter's tendency to what is now called paranoia. Despite Hughes's "erratic temperament and immense vanity," Borden considered him a man of "great ability." Convinced that war between the British and German empires was only a matter of time, the new minister threw his tremendous energy and force of personality into building Canada's military preparedness. He vastly expanded militia recruitment and extended the time spent annually on field training. He launched the building of more than fifty armouries and drill halls, ensured a reliable supply of ammunition by shaking up the mismanaged Dominion Arsenal, and purchased land for new army camps.

Hughes was sixty-one when World War I broke out in August 1914, but he rose to the occasion with all the enthusiasm – and all the brashness – of a teenager. Scrapping a step-by-step mobilization plan prepared by the British professionals on the Canadian General Staff (whom he despised), he telegraphed 226 militia units with orders to start recruiting regardless of their capacity to absorb new men. The CGS plan called for a concentration of troops at Camp Petawawa in Ontario, but Hughes switched the location to an empty expanse of scrub land at Valcartier, Quebec. Blowing his departmental budget, he brought in a host of labourers, horses, and equipment to work around the clock building a vast city of tents with adjacent rifle and artillery ranges. It was ready to accommodate more than 30,000 soldiers within thirty days.

Hughes delighted in riding a cavalry charger around his bustling domain, dressed in the red-tabbed khaki uniform of a full colonel. He seemed to be everywhere – exhorting efforts, bawling out orders, inspecting troops and horses, giving impromptu lessons in bayonet drill. "Pipe up, you little bugger, or get out of the service!" he is said to have shouted to an officer who was drilling troops. His "overbearing manner" and "violent and insulting language" brought complaints from everyone from private soldiers to the governor general. The minister was too carried away with his historic task to take much notice of his critics, comparing them to yelping puppy dogs chasing an express train.

He worked into the night in a specially built bungalow, arbitrarily disbanding battalions and creating new ones, thus playing havoc with organization and training. He appointed officers to sought-after positions, including his militiaman son Garnet and a flock of Tory friends. He overstepped the line between his job as minister and that of a military commander, leading parades, countermanding orders, handing out promotions. When he addressed a captain as a major and the man pointed out his mistake, he reportedly replied: "You're a major now."

Anyone observing Hughes in those delirious days might have concluded that he had been drinking heavily. He was, however, a teetotaller and prohibitionist whose banning of alcohol in militia camps had earned him the sobriquet, "Sam Hughes, the foe of booze." If he was drunk on anything, it was on power. As

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / AN19730265-0181 / CT8179

if to confirm this, his farewell address to the Canadian Expeditionary Force exuded megalomania. "Soldiers! The world regards you as a marvel!" he declaimed, echoing Napoleon. Aware that the muddle and lack of instructors had left them as little more than raw recruits, the rank and file were more amused than inspired by his oratory.

The CEF's embarkation late in September from nearby Quebec City on thirty hastily chartered ships was a shambles of Hughes's making. Once again he had abandoned a careful General Staff plan, with chaotic results. But ordinary Canadians had no idea of the half-baked state of "Sam Hughes's Army." All they knew was that the colourful colonel had amassed a contingent of 33,000 volunteers and sent it off to war in what the press was calling "the

The Ross Soldiers On

The only members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force not to turn in their Ross rifles in 1916 were its fearsome snipers. According to small arms experts Roger Phillips and Jerome J. Knap in their 1969 monograph "Sir Charles Ross and His Rifle," this was because the Ross remained "probably the most accurate sniping rifle of World War I."

In orderly conditions, the Ross was a marvel of range and what riflemen call "on-target shoulder hold." Its sporting models won praise from big-game hunters in Africa, India, and North America, where one British Columbian reported in 1912 that he had killed three grizzly bears in less than a minute thanks to his Ross's perfect balance, smooth action, and flat trajectory.

It was the rifle to beat in target competition in the early 1900s, taking top prizes at Britain's famed Bisley tournaments. In 1913, Major William Hart McHarg of Vancouver used a Ross to win the Kaiser Wilhelm II Cup, emblematic of the world long-distance shooting championship, at Fort Perry, Ohio. Less than two years later he was killed by the Kaiser's men while commanding troops whose Rosses had failed them in the Second Battle of Ypres.

An estimated 420,000 military Rosses were produced before and during World War I. Some 67,000 of these were bought by the British government, many of which were subsequently used by Indian troops. The British had Rosses on their own ships, and some five hundred of the rifles were acquired secondhand by the Chilean navy. Most, however, ended up back in Canada, and a portion of these found their way onto the open market. In the 1920s, soldier-of-fortune "Two Gun" Cohen, once a Canadian Army sergeant, turned a handsome profit by procuring Rosses for competing warlords in China. The Canadian weapon also cropped up in the Spanish Civil War.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-061122

Soldier in winter uniform with Ross rifle, November 1914.

When he was the army deputy chief of staff in the 1930s, Andrew McNaughton ordered the reconditioning of Rosses in government storage. With the outbreak of World War II, thousands of these were distributed to the Royal Canadian Navy, the Veterans' Guard, and army coastal defence.

McNaughton was in command of the First Canadian Division in Britain when German invasion forces were massing across the English Channel. In May 1940, he arranged for a shipload of Rosses to be urgently dispatched from Canada to arm the British Home Guard.

Later in World War II, Rosses were shipped to the beleaguered Red Army. Russian sharpshooters took the Canadian weapon to heart. In 1954, a Soviet team using Rosses won the running deer event at the world's shooting championship in Venezuela. The Russians had adapted them to fire smaller-calibre ammunition than the standard .303.

Well before World War I, Sir Charles Ross had urged British authorities to convert to a version of his rifle that would use a smaller bullet with a higher powder charge for greater range and accuracy. He died in 1942, too early to witness the switch to rifles firing light high-velocity ammunition that are the norm among the world's armies today. ◙ —R.S.

Sir Julian Byng (below left, at right), a British aristocrat and cavalry officer, was appointed to the command of the Canadian Corps in May 1916 and directed the attack on Vimy Ridge eleven months later. As Viscount Byng of Vimy, he was Canada's governor general from 1921 to 1926.

Militia officer Arthur William Currie (below center) (1875–1933), a real estate and insurance broker in civilian life, found himself – in part because of his friendship with Sam Hughes's son Garnet – selected in the early days of the war to the command of Second Canadian Infantry Brigade. Despite the unmeritocratic appointment, Currie proved to be a capable leader. In June 1917, he was made commander of the Canadian Corps, and distinguished himself for his handling of the last months of the war. His successes only rankled Hughes, who launched a campaign of invective against him after the war was over.

Sam Hughes and staff (below right) at the school of instruction at the front, August 1916.

miracle of Valcartier." He was seen in English Canada as the embodiment of the country's popular war effort. French Canadians, on the other hand, saw him as the embodiment of the anti-Catholic, anti-French bigotry of the Loyal Orange Lodge, of which he was a leader. His orangeism cast a chill over recruiting in Quebec that was to contribute to the conscription crisis of 1917.

Hughes had already reached England by fast ship when the CEF landed early in October. In London he met with Lord Kitchener, and – according to the official Canadian history of the Great War – resisted the formidable Imperial war minister's plan to break up the Canadian contingent and distribute its men among British regiments. "You have your orders, carry them out!" Kitchener is supposed to have barked. "I'm damned if I will," Hughes is supposed to have retorted. Some historians dispute this tale, citing evidence that the British had always intended to keep the Canadian force intact.

In any case, Hughes's stand was that Canada had "paid the bill and furnished the goods," and should therefore control its own forces in everything but top command and strategy. As the First Canadian Division got down to serious training in the horrible discomfort of England's Salisbury Plain, "the goods" left much to be desired. Canadian uniforms proved shoddy, Canadian boots disintegrated in the slush, Canadian wagons collapsed when fully loaded. A combination shield and shovel patented by Hughes's secretary turned out to be useless both as a shield and a shovel. Then there was the Ross rifle: since the treacherous Mark I, it had undergone some eighty major modifications that had added two pounds to its weight and two inches to its height, rendering it badly balanced and awkward to handle in trenches. Its latest version was the Mark III, and it evinced the same jamming problems that had plagued the earlier marks.

The First Canadian Division arrived in France in February 1915 without Hughes in command; having inveigled Prime Minister Borden into promoting him to major-general, he had lobbied for the honour of leading his "boys" into action. Adroitly forestalling this appalling prospect, Kitchener had given the job to a seasoned British general, Sir Edwin Alderson. The division's first full-scale battle came in April near the Belgian city of Ypres. The Germans advanced behind terrifying clouds of poison gas, but the Canadians prevented a breakthrough, even though the bolts of their overheated Rosses seized up in the mud and had to be hammered open with boot heels or shovels. Helpless men picked up Lee-Enfields from the heaps of British dead around them. Of the 5,000 First Division infantrymen who survived the slaughter, 1,452 had rearmed themselves with Lee-Enfields.

The Ross clearly menaced soldiers' lives, but the British high command was wary of offending the Dominion government over its failings. So the First Division was doomed to fight on with it: at the battle of Givenchy, men were described struggling to open the breeches of their rifles with bleeding hands and tears of frustration streaming down their cheeks. As

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Tongue and Pen: Quotations about and from Sam Hughes

He was under constant illusions that enemies were working against him. I told him on one occasion that he was beset by two unceasing enemies. Expecting a revelation he was intensely disappointed when I told him they were his tongue and his pen.

—Sir Robert Borden, on Hughes

[It] has sown the seeds of more Lexingtons, Saratogas and Yorktowns. Heaven forbid that Canada should ever find it necessary to "trim" her kinsmen of the British Isles.

—Hughes, on the denial of his claim to decorations from the Boer War

There were very many pretty "scraps" and some pretty heavy fighting. In each and every one, it fell to the lot of Hughes to direct the British forces, and in each and every instance victory fell to their lot, although the numbers and positions were invariably in favour of the Boers.

—Hughes, writing of himself in the third person, to Governor General the Duke of Connaught

[A] conceited lunatic.

—The Duke of Connaught, on Hughes

[I am] loved by millions.

—Hughes

There is only one feeling as to Sam, that he is crazy.

—Deputy Prime Minister Sir George Foster

Give me one million men who can hit a target at five hundred yards and we would not have a foe who could invade our country.

—Hughes, newly appointed as minister of militia

He has drawn a map of the country as a vast field for maneuvres where he proposes to enroll the nation and teach them, democratically, the art of shooting human game at a convenient distance.

—Henri Bourassa

He has done more in his day and generation, for the upbuilding of the militia in Canada and the Empire, than any other man.

—Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Everybody laughing at Sam's address.

—Borden, in diary

The soldier going down in the cause of freedom never dies. ... What recks he whether his resting place may be bedecked with the golden lilies of France or amid the wine clad hills of the Rhine?

—Hughes in his farewell address to the Canadian Expeditionary Force

Canada can send enough men to add the finishing touches to Germany without assistance from either England or France.

—Hughes to American press, 1914

We are Sam Hughes's army
Twenty thousand men are we.
We cannot fight, we cannot march,
What bloody use are we?

—Canadian soldiers' song

Hughes: I am never wrong.
Sir Julian Byng: What a damn dull life you must have, Minister!

The mad mullah of Canada has been deposed ... The greatest soldier since Napoleon has gone to his gassy Elba and the greatest block to the successful termination of the war has been removed.

—Frontline artillery officer John Creelman on Hughes's downfall

thousands more Canadians acquired Lee-Enfields – if not by taking them from the dead, then by barter or theft – Sam Hughes weighed in on the issue. He insisted that the problem was the use of British .303 ammunition, which differed microscopically from the Canadian ammunition for which the Ross was designed.

Seizing on the excuse that a supply of Canadian ammunition could not be guaranteed, British commander-in-chief Sir John French ordered the rearming of the First Division with Lee-Enfields in the summer of 1915. The Second and Third Divisions kept their Rosses, which had been rechambered to take British cartridges. Still, in the battle of St. Eloi early in 1916, the newly arrived troops found themselves fighting with seized-up rifles, and they continued to acquire Lee-Enfields even when faced with stern punishment. Hughes sent an agent to the Third Division to demand of its commanding officer why he had allowed so many of its men to discard their Rosses. His inquiry brought a withering response: "To longer withhold the issue of the L.E. rifle and compel the men of this Division to use the Ross rifle would be criminal in the extreme."

The three divisions had been combined into the Canadian Corps under Alderson. In May 1916 the Ottawa *Citizen* published a report by the general categorically condemning the Ross. As public opinion turned against the rifle he had helped to design, Hughes threatened the careers of officers who spoke against it. He stubbornly resisted the change through a variety of tactics until the new commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig, unequivocally recommended that the Second and Third Divisions be re-equipped with the Lee-Enfield. The Ross was withdrawn from general service in August 1916, sixteen unforgivable months after it had shown its unfitness for trench warfare.

Meanwhile Hughes, newly knighted and promoted to lieutenant-general by a disapproving King George V, had engineered Alderson's

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removal. He had never forgiven the general for scrapping the inferior Canadian equipment on Salisbury Plain or for balking at his son Garnet's appointment to the command of a brigade. The immediate dispute between Alderson and Sam Hughes was over Alderson's call for the dismissal of two senior Canadian officers who had messed up in the battle of St. Eloi, one of whom was a close friend of Sam Hughes and a rare supporter of the Ross rifle. Haig chose not to risk a feud with the Canadian government over "the retention of a couple of incompetent commanders." They stayed and Alderson went.

The myth of "Sam's boys" was exploded in July 1916 when thousands of soldiers booed him during a parade at Camp Borden.

The new corps commander was Sir Julian Byng. Soon after his appointment in May 1916 he received a telegram: "Give Garnet 3rd Division – Sam." Byng rejected the minister's demand, informing all concerned that he would publicly resign unless "promotions and appointments are in my hands," remarking to a friend, "the men are too good to be led by politicians and dollar magnates." His stand against Hughes marked a turning point for the corps, which went on to win acknowledgment as the most effective formation in the Allied armies. Ironically, it took the high standards imposed by the British professional, Byng, to vindicate the militia minister's faith in what Canada's citizen soldiers could do.

Hughes had also reached a turning point. Hitherto, his bullying had carried the day in practically all of his political battles. Now he was losing his ascendancy over the easily bullied Robert Borden, who had commented bitterly on his "wrong-headed and stupid" ways. Borden had always dreaded the political consequences of getting rid of Hughes because of his presumed popularity with the troops, but the myth of "Sam's boys" was exploded in July 1916 when thousands of soldiers booed him during a parade at Camp Borden. Meanwhile, the militia minister's bombastic defence of his appointee and crony, J. Wesley Allison, had left Borden's government looking as if it was on the side of war profiteers.

With newspapers calling for his resignation, Hughes had an ace in the hole to support his apparent indispensability to the conduct of the war overseas. He and his agents in London acted as the chief liaisons with the British government and presided over the activities of more than 136,000 Canadian servicemen in the British Isles. Hughes had obtained control of this parallel government by establishing a command structure so confusing that its members had to turn to him as the final arbiter. The effect was to freeze Borden and other ministers out of decision making at the seat of war.

In an attempt to regularize the chain of authority, the prime minister sent Hughes to London in the late summer of 1916 with instructions to straighten out the administrative tangle. Instead of streamlining the system, the minister complicated it further by unilaterally creating a submilitia council beholden to him. That did it for Borden. He ordered Hughes back to Ottawa and announced the formation of an overseas ministry reporting directly to cabinet. Sir Sam's longtime enemy, Sir George Perley, was placed in charge.

Hughes raged, temporized, prevaricated, and tried to undermine the plan, but for once the mild-mannered prime minister stood up to his bluster. The crunch came in November 1916, when – after failing to win support for the idea of taking over the prime ministership himself – he sent the PM a letter so full of insults that Borden had no choice but to force him to resign.

The quiet jubilation in cabinet was tempered by trepidation as to what his ouster would do to the important Orange vote. In the event, there was little fallout. Hughes took his place in the backbenches, where he proved only a minor thorn in the government's side.

In 1919 he launched a vicious campaign against Sir Arthur Currie, claiming that the former Canadian Corps commander had wasted the lives of his men for his own glory in the final days of the war. Sir Sam had had it in for Currie ever since the latter had rejected Garnet Hughes's bid for a divisional command in 1917: "I will get you before I am finished with you," Garnet railed. In 1927, the Hughes family-owned Port Hope *Guide* published a story repeating the charges against Currie, and the general sued it for libel. He won his case in 1928, but the calumny was said to have broken his health, and he died five years later at fifty-eight. By then, Sir Sam Hughes had been dead a dozen years, but his power to cause trouble had reached beyond the grave.

Robert Stewart is a Montreal writer.

et cetera

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Raid on St. John's

by Bert den Boggende

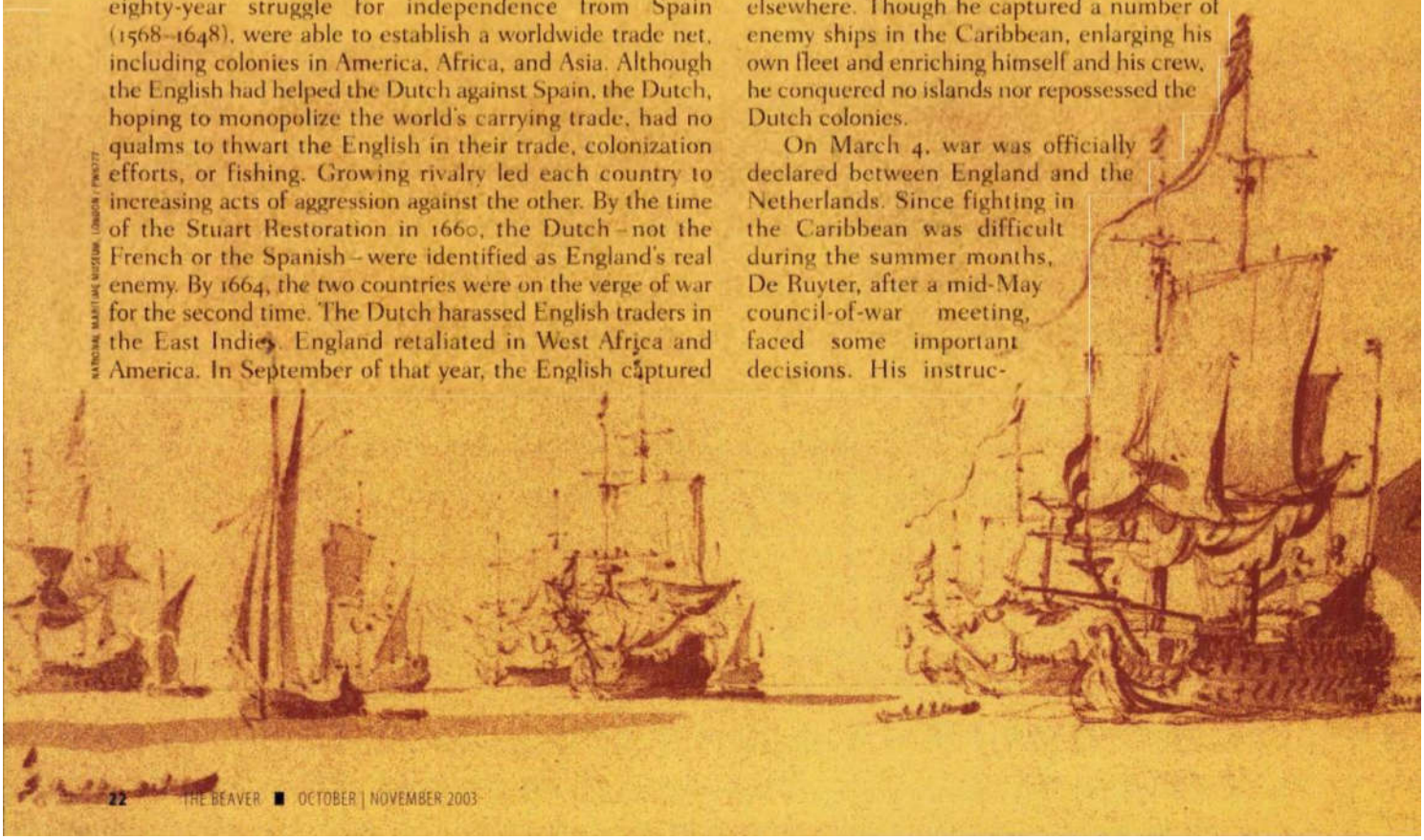
In mid-February 1665, Dutch admiral Michiel Adriaanszoon de Ruyter, on Africa's west coast, received a letter sent from the Netherlands two months earlier. The December 12 dispatch instructed him to cross the Atlantic and cause havoc for the English anywhere from the Caribbean to Newfoundland. De Ruyter, often regarded as the foremost naval officer of his era, had already spent four months provoking the English around Guinea. Leaving the Netherlands the previous May with twelve ships containing five hundred cannons and twenty-three hundred men, he had first sailed to North Africa to protect Dutch merchantmen against Barbary pirates. Then, on orders from the Dutch government, he sailed down the west coast of Africa to Guinea to recapture Dutch posts occupied by the English, as well as take some English posts and a large amount of booty.

Now, with his new instructions to cross the Atlantic, the popular and pious admiral was being essentially commissioned as a privateer. The intent was to cripple, if not destroy, English trade and either prevent a full-scale war or contribute to a peace favourable to the Dutch. For decades, the Dutch had successfully privateered against the Spanish in the Caribbean. It was hoped that De Ruyter could do likewise against the English.

Anglo-Dutch competition was not a recent phenomenon, but it gradually increased when the Dutch, during their eighty-year struggle for independence from Spain (1568–1648), were able to establish a worldwide trade net, including colonies in America, Africa, and Asia. Although the English had helped the Dutch against Spain, the Dutch, hoping to monopolize the world's carrying trade, had no qualms to thwart the English in their trade, colonization efforts, or fishing. Growing rivalry led each country to increasing acts of aggression against the other. By the time of the Stuart Restoration in 1660, the Dutch – not the French or the Spanish – were identified as England's real enemy. By 1664, the two countries were on the verge of war for the second time. The Dutch harassed English traders in the East Indies. England retaliated in West Africa and America. In September of that year, the English captured Nieuw Nederland and promptly renamed it New York.

In this increasingly tense situation, the Dutch made the decision that, via a long detour, brought De Ruyter to Newfoundland's shore. It made sense to send De Ruyter to the Caribbean. The English had occupied some Dutch islands and parts of Dutch Guyana. Moreover, Dutch capital and technology had helped set up the cultivation of sugar on the English islands, such as Barbados. Until Oliver Cromwell's 1651 Navigation Act, which restricted foreigners using ships of other countries to transport commodities to Great Britain, the carrying trade had been largely in Dutch hands. De Ruyter, who as a merchant had visited the area, hoped through surprise attacks to conquer these rich islands, take booty as well as ships, and repossess the Dutch colonies. However, when the fleet appeared before Barbados at the end of April, the people on the island – thanks either to information provided by the English ambassador in the Netherlands or by an English captain the fleet had encountered upon leaving the African coast – were fully aware of his secret mission. Ready and prepared, Barbados successfully defended itself against the attack. For De Ruyter the results were dismal: several ships were damaged, a number of officers, sailors, and soldiers were killed, much ammunition was wasted, and no English merchant ships were captured. Short on food and water, De Ruyter decided against continuing the attack and to try harassing the English elsewhere. Though he captured a number of enemy ships in the Caribbean, enlarging his own fleet and enriching himself and his crew, he conquered no islands nor repossessed the Dutch colonies.

On March 4, war was officially declared between England and the Netherlands. Since fighting in the Caribbean was difficult during the summer months, De Ruyter, after a mid-May council-of-war meeting, faced some important decisions. His instruc-



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Newfoundland was the gateway to the St. Lawrence. And there was plenty of cod besides. In the intense rivalry between the English and the Dutch in the seventeenth century, such a strategic location couldn't be overlooked.

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Michiel Adriaanszoon de Ruyter (1607–76) (near left) by Ferdinand Bol.

Michiel Adriaanszoon de Ruyter spent his life in the Dutch mercantile and naval service and led his country's fleet in the wars against England in the seventeenth century. After his campaign against the English along the Guinea coast, the West Indies, and Newfoundland in 1664–1665, he returned to the Netherlands to help strengthen the navy and defend his country. In 1673, he achieved his greatest success in preventing an Anglo-French invasion of Holland by sea. He was mortally wounded fighting against the French in the Mediterranean in 1676 and died at Syracuse, Sicily.

De Ruyter's Voyage to Bergen, autumn 1665 (lower left) by Willem Van de Velde, the Elder.

After leaving Newfoundland in June 1665, De Ruyter returned to Holland via Norway to avoid encountering the English fleet.

tions, which were vague enough to allow choices, suggested recapturing Nieuw Amsterdam, the administrative centre of Nieuw Nederland, and raiding Newfoundland. Since the English occupation of Nieuw Amsterdam was a contributing factor in the outbreak of the war, reconquering it was one option. De Ruyter's officers, however, argued against such an attack: the fleet was short on ammunition and food, the crew was getting restless, and the journey back home would be significantly delayed. On the other hand, Newfoundland was much closer to Europe, was expected to be without much defence, and could have a number of undefended ships. De Ruyter, brave but cautious, went along with his officers. Nieuw Nederland remained New York.

Strategically Newfoundland was important: whoever possessed it could control access to the St. Lawrence. Economically the area provided an abundance of fish. At the time of De Ruyter's arrival, most fishermen were British

If several guns had been mounted at the harbour's narrow entrance, De Ruyter may not have attacked St. John's. As it was, there was only a cable across the bay, which his ship easily broke.

and French, not many of whom seemed interested in the island's strategic location. The few early formal English colonizing attempts had failed. The French had only begun with Plaisance (Placentia) in 1662. With such limited interest in – if not neglect of – the island, it is no wonder that other European countries did not recognize the English claim of ownership, either *de jure* or *de facto*, at least not until 1713 with the Treaty of Utrecht. With his vague instructions De Ruyter could perhaps have claimed the island, but his journal does not even hint at such an attempt.

Fog, contrary wind, as well as no wind at all slowed down De Ruyter's fleet, and on June 11 he again held a council of war. The officers agreed to raid Newfoundland and do as much damage as possible to English ships and goods. Two days later – the same day a Dutch fleet was badly defeated at Lowestoft (off the Norfolk coast) – De Ruyter's fleet neared Cape Race on the southern tip of Newfoundland. Unfamiliar with the area, the ships sailed very carefully northwards towards St. John's, with the crew catching a large amount of cod, which eased the scarcity of food. Dividing his fleet into three groups to explore the various bays, De Ruyter himself sailed to St. John's, where there were, according to a captured fisherman, several English ships. With its secure, natural harbour in the middle of the English Coast, St. John's was, according to Newfoundland historian Keith Matthews, the natural focus for information and materials arriving from England, but not the best place for military or naval purposes. As De Ruyter hoped, when he neared St. John's on June 16 the fleet encountered several English merchant ships and easily captured them. If several guns had been mounted at the harbour's narrow entrance, De Ruyter may not have attacked St. John's. As it was, there was only a cable across the bay, which his ship easily broke. In the harbour he took an English frigate with eighteen guns as well as a merchantman. The crews of both ships, however, managed to escape. In his journal De Ruyter remarked that the people of St. John's were living in miserable circumstances. One of his captains thought that instead of taking from these people, they ought to be given something. Nevertheless, since the crew had been promised that they could plunder, the little the inhabitants owned was taken, including a large amount of nearly dried fish as well as twelve pigs and five small cows. The next day others of the fleet began arriving, having captured a number of English ships. These prizes provided the Dutch crew with a fair amount of "delicious English bread," some meat, peas, salt, wine, oil, and a large amount of fish. Contrary to the statement in the 1968 edition of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that the Dutch burned St. John's, the minutes of a June 17 council of war meeting note that since the inhabitants were so poor, St. John's should not be burned. However, one of the captains seems to have burned a captured ship, and some sailors plundered and burned a few houses elsewhere, possibly in nearby Petty Harbour.

Newfoundland had become a victim of Anglo-Dutch commercial rivalry. It was neither the first nor the last time that the island

ZEEUWS ARCHIEF, ZEEUWS GENOOTSCHAP, MIDDELBURG (THE NETHERLANDS) / ZELANDIA ILLUSTRATA IV 766

Early engraving of De Ruyter, considered to this day as the greatest admiral in Dutch history.

became a victim of a European conflict. The French would imitate De Ruyter's example and sack St. John's several times. The Dutch tried to repeat De Ruyter's feat in 1673 but failed, although they were successful at Ferryland, sixty kilometres south. For the people of St. John's, the raid was a harrowing experience, even though De Ruyter gave them some bread and other necessities.

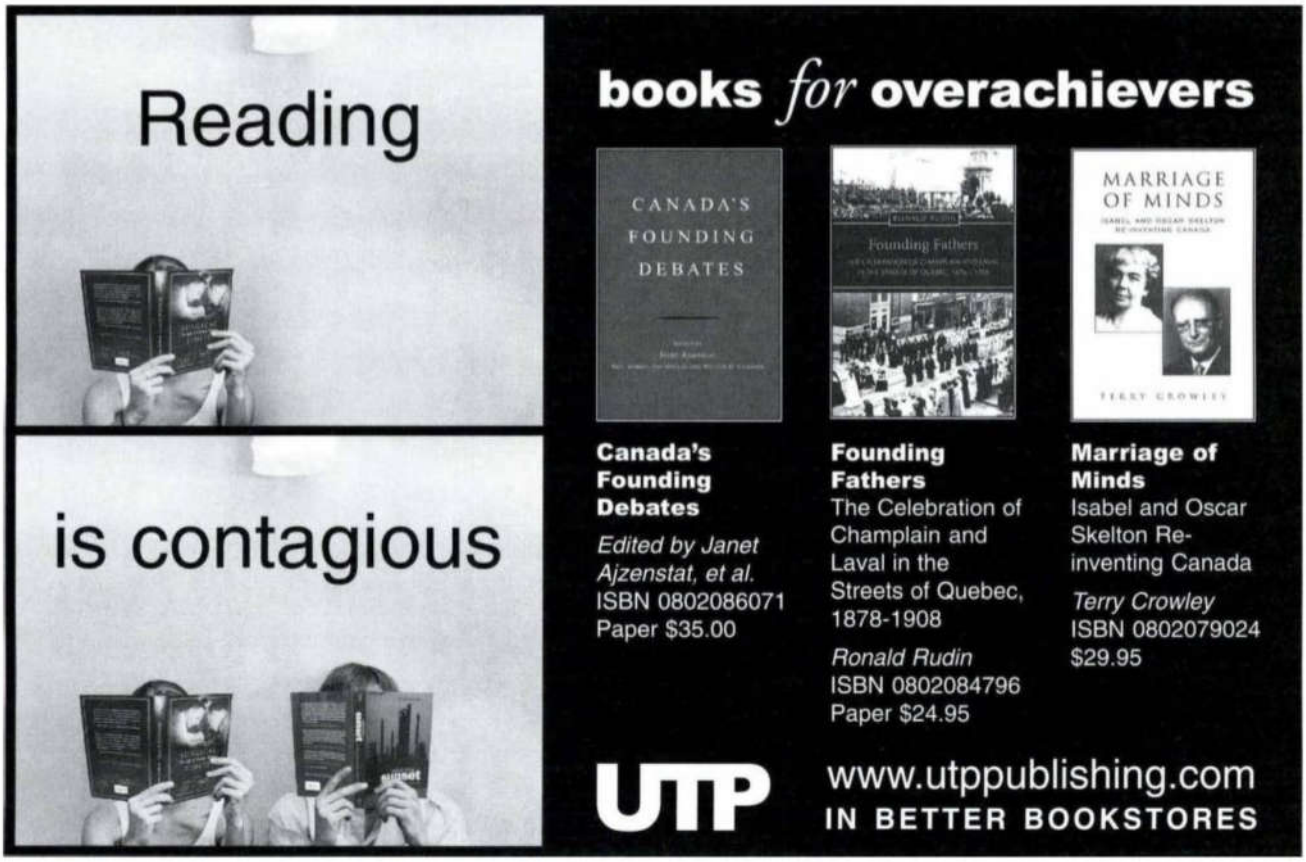
Before sailing home De Ruyter still had to solve one problem: what to do with the three hundred prisoners of war? Taking them along would not only put too much pressure on the food supply, but also invite a sailors' revolt as the prisoners would have to be maintained at the cost of the prize money. To put them in stocks or to leave them in St. John's seemed to have been unacceptable. De Ruyter decided instead to provide them with three small ships, allowing them to sail to Britain or to any of the colonies. Contemporary English authors accused De Ruyter of plundering them and letting them go without food. The accusation was part of English propaganda that the Dutch were cruel, among other barbarities cutting off noses and ears. That some of his countrymen were cruel is undeniable, but it was out of character for De Ruyter. According to the minutes of the June 17 meeting, De Ruyter furnished the prisoners with victuals for five weeks, including five thousand pounds of bread, sixty-three bags of peas, twenty-four quarters malt (about 5,500 litres, for brewing beer in two kettles), twenty-four kilograms of bacon, four tons of meat, one hogshead (about 230 litres) of brandy, twenty-five fish hooks, and some nets. This restricted diet hardly differed from what the Dutch sailors would get for the next several weeks.

On June 18, De Ruyter loaded one of the captured ships with the six eight-pounders the English had dragged on shore, took in wood and water, and was ready to leave the next day. However, poor weather prevented the fleet's departure. On June 20, De Ruyter was able to get out of St. John's Bay, meeting the next day the rest of the fleet near Bay Bulls, where two captured, decrepit ships were burned. Instead of sailing directly to the Netherlands, he made a detour via Norway in an attempt to avoid a possible encounter with a large English fleet. On his return to the Netherlands, De Ruyter was hailed as a hero. The booty of thirty ships enriched the crew (it got one-sixth or more of the net proceeds) and the country. Although limited, the raid had some consequences. In its aftermath, English authorities decided to allow at least some settlers who could then defend the island, in spite of opposition from West Country merchants who feared they would interfere in their business. The defence was improved, so that in 1688, when war broke out between the English and French, batteries had been installed at both sides of the Narrows of St. John's Bay.

Bert den Boggende is a writer, researcher, and teacher living in Brooks, Alberta.

et cetera

The Life of Admiral de Ruyter **by Petrus Johannes Blok. Greenwood Publishing Group, Oxford, U.K., 1975.**



The Courage of Her Convictions

Fifty years ago, Saskatchewan academic Hilda Neatby caused a sensation with her book **So Little for the Mind**. *Her critique of Canada's education system still resonates today.* ***by James Pitsula***

Fifty years ago a book was published that accomplished what very few Canadian books have been able to do. Hilda Neatby's *So Little for the Mind* not only soared to the top of the bestseller lists, it also sparked a national debate on an important topic. Her attack on so-called "progressive" trends in education provoked lively comment from friend and foe alike. One admirer wrote, "You have this day lighted such a fire!" while another enthused, "Thank God someone with the ability to do so has at last taken the pains to expose these frauds posing as educators!" The *Montreal Gazette* labelled her "the lady who has caused the biggest dust-up in Canadian education this year." Close to eight thousand hardcover copies of the book sold in the first year, necessitating four printings and a second edition. The Toronto public library in 1954 cited it as its most frequently borrowed nonfiction book. Editorials and letters to the editor in newspapers from coast to coast discussed the issues that Neatby had raised, and parent-teacher associations across the country made it the focus of their meetings. Although Neatby said that it was not quite true that like Byron she awoke one day to find herself famous, she did become something of a national celebrity. The publicity garnered the University of Saskatchewan history professor recognition in 1953 as one of Canada's women of the year, according to a poll by women's editors of Canadian daily newspapers.

But fame came at a price. The book drew sharp criticism as well as fulsome praise, and some of the negative reaction was painfully personal in nature. An anonymous critic sent a postcard that read,

> Frustrated virgin
> thrice-ambitious-vain
> whose mindless thoughts
> spawned by neurotic spleen
> loosened the clots
> of her encrusted brain.

The director of educational research at the Ontario College of Education dismissed her ideas as "not worth a nickel each," and the Saskatchewan minister of education Woodrow Lloyd compared her book to the Kinsey Report on the sexual behaviour of American women, also published in 1953. The comparison was a strange one, since the books had nothing in common except that they had both attracted a good deal of publicity. The minister described Neatby's approach to her topic as "emotional," and accused her of having dipped her pen in poison, not ink. To top it off, he dubbed her the "educational McCarthy," after the American senator who used smear tactics in his Communist witch-hunt.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES / A-5321

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 000502021

In the face of all the criticism, Hilda Neatby held her ground. She had given no quarter, and she expected none. Quoting Shakespeare, she assured a friend, "I am in blood steeped so far, I have no intention of turning back." Besides, she had many supporters, some of them among the most prominent thinkers in the country. Historians A.R.M. Lower and Roger Graham, political scientists R. MacGregor Dawson and Eugene Forsey, philosopher George Grant, and Charlotte Whitton, mayor of Ottawa, conveyed their congratulations. In addition, countless "ordinary" Canadians wrote to give approval and encouragement. Some were teachers who felt oppressed by the system they worked under; others were parents who worried that their children were not learning very much in school. A large number were women, who identified with a member of their own sex under fire from the predominately male education establishment. Their concern may also have stemmed from the traditional maternal responsibility for the raising and nurturing of children. It was their children who were at risk if the schools were failing to do their job. The letters poured in and gave Neatby a much-needed boost.

At the annual meeting of the Regina branch of the Saskatchewan Teachers Federation in 1954, Miss Margaret Messer, a local teacher, introduced a motion condemning an article that had appeared in the STF Bulletin. It was a reprint of a letter to the *Vancouver Sun* from one Dr. D.C. Smith, inspector of schools at Nelson, British Columbia. The letter characterized *So Little for the Mind* as "an almost hysterical diatribe," which would be "unacceptable even at the undergraduate level of research." Miss Messer asked the convention to affirm the pride of teachers in Hilda Neatby's contribution to the education and culture of Saskatchewan and Canada. Miss Louella Lovering seconded the motion, but it went down to defeat. Mr. J.E. Cooper advised delegates to let sleeping dogs lie. "If ever a bow-wow needed a rest, it's this one."

Such adjectives as "hysterical" and "emotional" would not have been applied to the book if the author had been a man. Far from being hysterical, it was a well-reasoned and richly documented inquiry into the state of elementary and high school education in Canada. It was also fun to read. As one reviewer noted, "The wit is really corking." The main theme was exactly captured in the title. Neatby maintained that Canada's schools had deteriorated to the point that they were frankly anti-intellectual. They were so busy "socializing" children and indoctrinating them with correct attitudes that they no longer nourished their

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Hilda Neatby grew up on a Saskatchewan farmstead in a household that valued intellectual achievement over material rewards. Though her father was a medical doctor, he preferred to read; he was also a devout Presbyterian. Hilda was very much her father's daughter, pursuing higher education when few women did and maintaining Presbyterianism as the bedrock of her principles.

minds. Part of the problem was that teachers' training colleges focused on "method" to the neglect of "content." The traditional method of requiring children to learn a body of knowledge had been abandoned in favour of teaching concepts and "learning skills." For Neatby, the opposition between content and process was a false one because the mind needed something to think on. One might as well say, "The important thing is not to consume food but to digest it."

At a deeper level – and this was a point that most of the critics missed – the book condemned the school's failure to transmit the intellectual and cultural heritage of Western civilization. Students were being denied access to "the greatest that has been thought and said." Neatby defined education as "the discovery that the world is more interesting than oneself." From this discovery came humility, a sense of awe and wonder, a forgetfulness of self, and moral and spiritual growth. She wrote that all that is required of a teacher is two things – to love his subject and to love his students. All the teaching techniques in the world will not help if these two elements are missing. She liked to quote the Renaissance physician and scholar, Sir Thomas Browne, "Reason is the debt we owe to God, the homage we pay for not being beasts." We are endowed with minds and are expected to use them. In Neatby's judgment, intellectual development was the *main* purpose of schools. If they did not accomplish this goal, first and foremost, they failed to achieve their mission, regardless of the other good things they did in the way of instilling "cooperative attitudes" or preparing youth for "democratic citizenship."

Her book and the debate it generated were unusual events in the 1950s, a decade known for conformity and clearly defined gender roles. A highly intellectual woman making a strong statement in the public sphere was a rare phenomenon. Television sitcoms like *Father Knows Best* and *Leave It To Beaver* modelled the ideal family in which women deferred to their husbands and stayed at home looking after their children. What made Hilda Neatby different?

Part of the answer lies in her upbringing and the formative influences of childhood. The Neatbys emigrated to Canada from England in 1906. The family consisted of Andrew, a medical doctor, his wife, Ada, and eight children. Two-year-old Hilda was the second youngest. Despite his professional training, Dr. Neatby was not a good provider, at least not as far as material things were concerned. He liked to withdraw to his study to read, allowing his medical practice to wither. Those few patients he did attract were put off by his insistence that they abstain from alcohol as part of their treatment.

The family settled first at Earl Grey, Saskatchewan, a village about sixty-five kilometres north of Regina on the CPR branch line. In an attempt to mend their fortunes they took up a homestead in 1908. The idea was to supplement Dr. Neatby's meager income by the production and sale of wheat and livestock. He consented to the plan only on the condition that he be allowed to take with him his library of three thousand books. Two of his sons had to make four trips hauling the cargo across open prairie by oxcart to the homestead site, about sixteen kilometres southwest of the town of Watrous. Despite his failure to support the family, his children admired their father's idealism and devotion to literature. It is easy to understand where Hilda's great love of learning came from.

The children attended the local country school, where Hilda was treated as an outsider, partly because of her English background (British-born were a minority in that area) and partly because of her braininess. A schoolyard bully harassed her, and on one occasion, which remained vivid in her memory, she ran away and then was caught with her back to a wall facing a semicircle of children taunting and mocking her. "I can't explain it," she later recalled, "but it is the most dreadful experience I have ever had and associated with the rather queer life we lived, I think it gave me a fear of my fellow man that is permanent. Such things are brutalizing at the time, but I suppose in the long run they may be good." She learned there was no point running away from a fight. The enemy had to be faced head on.

Life on the homestead was far from easy. The first house, which was little better than a crate, had a leaky roof. When the cold weather set in, the cracks around the windows had to be plugged with dough. Even so, the temperature fell below freezing at night, and in the morning ice had to be melted for cooking the daily porridge.

Toil and suffering can break a person, but it seemed to strengthen the Neatbys. All of them grew up to lead useful and productive lives, and some of them achieved distinction in their chosen fields. Exposed from an early age to good literature, they acquired the habit of reading.

and always ready to debate a disputable point.

But intellectual achievement was never viewed in isolation: it was always placed in the context of moral and spiritual development. Dr. Neatby was a deeply religious man, who enjoyed debating points of theology. In later years, he preached for the Presbyterian Church in Saskatoon and nearby towns. His strict religious convictions rubbed off on Hilda, and her Presbyterian faith became the sheet anchor of her life. Religion for her was not just a matter of fuzzy, warm feelings. It was important to know precisely what you believed and why you believed it. It bothered her that "progressive" educators seemed to know so little about the philosophical foundations of what they were doing. She always insisted on getting to the root of the things.

In 1919 the Neatby family left the homestead and moved to Saskatoon, mainly to give the younger children the opportunity to attend better schools. Hilda studied at the University of Saskatchewan from 1920 to 1924, graduating at the age of twenty with a B.A. Honours degree in history. Her professors sized her up as shy, but brilliant, and always ready to debate a disputable point. After her first history class, she decided that she wanted to be a university professor. In the fall of 1930, she began doctoral work at the University of Minnesota under the supervision of A.L. Burt and received an assistantship, which paid her tuition and covered living costs. She had friends and an active social life, but apparently no romantic relationships. It is not clear why she never married. Michael Hayden, who wrote a short biography and edited her writings, concluded, "She liked to associate with men, she liked to be flattered by them, but above all she liked to argue with them. Hilda could not live without intellectual argument." She came to believe that most men did not like women who were intelligent.

Neatby graduated with her Ph.D. in Canadian history in 1934, the worst possible time to be looking for work. Because of the economic depression, academic jobs were scarce, and those that were available generally went to male candidates. Out of desperation, she took a job as supervisor of a boarding school for girls for $25 a month and board. Then, miraculously, she received an offer of a contract teaching Modern European History and French at Regina College, a junior college operated by the University of Saskatchewan. She jumped at the opportunity. The hours were long and the work hard, but on the whole she enjoyed it. The uncertain status of women in academe is suggested by the remark of one of her female colleagues as to the proper way of addressing a woman with a Ph.D., "It does seem wrong to call a woman 'Doctor.'"

Neatby could not help noticing how poorly prepared her students were. They came to college expecting to be spoon-fed and without the "faintest idea of how to think or even how to work." She thought standards had declined even in the short time since she had attended high school. One student interrupted her lecture to ask, "Are these points you are giving in the text?" He had apparently just started to read the text, and it had dawned on him that that the lectures were different. "I am beginning to understand," Neatby confided to her

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In 1949, Hilda Neatby was appointed one of five commissioners to the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences (Massey-Lévesque Commission), the broadest investigation of its kind ever undertaken at the time. Submitting its final report in 1951, the commission's work led, among other things, to the creation of the Canada Council and the National Library.

The Examiner

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SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD

C. H. Savage Blasts Neatby Book

School Official Here Is Fiery In Defense Of Today's Education

Dr. Hilda Neatby's book "So Little for the Mind" is a "bitter denunciation of all Canadian school administrators" according to C. H. Savage, long-time [illegible]

After All . . .

Dr. Neatby Told Some Truth!

By W. J. HEFFERNAN
Tessier, Saskatchewan

● THERE IS A TENDENCY among us to say, when critical guns fire in our direction, that the critics do not know the facts; our reply then becomes a childishly defiant "Prove it!" When we hear some of the wild utterances, of course, the urge to make this reply may understandably be so strong that we think [illegible] of the consequences; but to even the

Two specific criticism which those concernir and our use studies. As for true that some still doing a b try only to pl we find cause

Educationist Says Dr. Neatby's Ideas 'Not Worth a Nickel'

TORONTO, March 24.—(CP)—An Ontario educationist said Monday night the ideas Dr. Hilda Neatby has expressed in criticism of Canadian education are not worth a nickel apiece.

Dr. John Long, director of [illegible] cussion at Forest Hill village junior high school, Dr. Long said:

"Dr. Neatby uses English exceptionally well, a fact which to the poorly informed tends to lend an aura of plausibility to even her most implausible

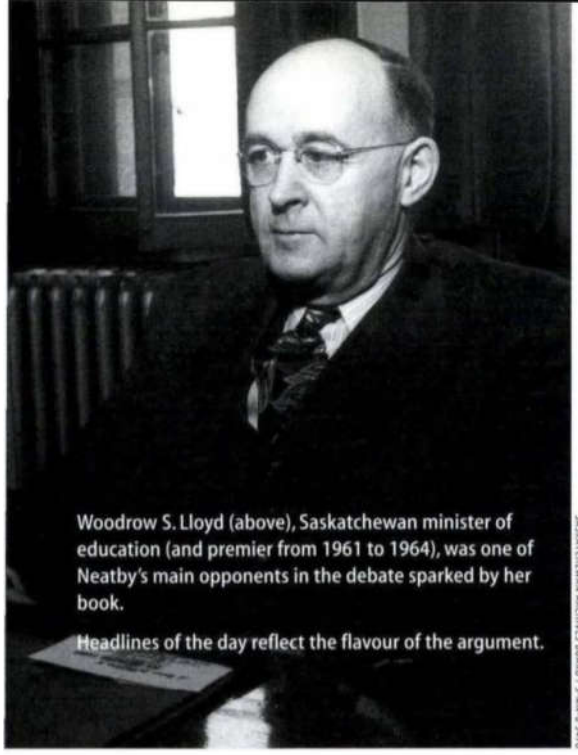
[illegible] cetary-treasurer of U has leaped to the se Neatby as a 'simply against Cana- Cist Progressivism, cc per cent of the ly States and ima- fic Neatby, as our va well aware, is a ad ed ab el ex

sister Kate, "why so many of them sit and gape without attempting to take notes." Despite or maybe because of her high standards, the students respected her. She was a particular favourite of the ex-servicemen who enrolled in the college after the Second World War. They liked the fact that she did not pull rank. If a student offered an opinion different from her own, she considered it seriously, provided he could back it up with evidence and logic.

The influx of veterans caused university enrollments to soar, and professors were suddenly in demand. The Saskatoon campus decided in 1946 they wanted to hire Neatby – after failing to find a suitable man. She moved from Regina to Saskatoon and settled into the Department of History and a life of teaching and writing. Then in 1949, Vincent Massey invited her to serve on the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. She toured the country hearing briefs and helped compose the final report. The commission, a landmark in Canadian cultural history, recommended the creation of the Canada Council to support arts and scholarship.

Neatby hit it off with Vincent Massey, and their platonic relationship continued after the commission had finished its work. When he was appointed governor general in 1952, he asked her to write speeches for him, which she did for several years. They shared similar opinions on many subjects, including education, and it was he who encouraged her to set down her ideas in a book. He secretly arranged a payment of $2,300 from the Massey Foundation to underwrite her research expenses. Work on the book began in May 1951, and it was published in October 1953.

As many readers acknowledged, a large part of the book's appeal was Neatby's writing style, especially the barbed wit. Neatby satirized the "busy work" that often passed for teacher training. Students enrolled in normal schools, as colleges of education were then called, were forever making posters, composing scrapbooks, and doing "art" work of all sorts. According to progressive education theory, "children learn by doing," and they must be engaged in "group activities." Neatby made reference to an illustrated article in a teachers' journal on what the students had accomplished in a normal school class. The pictures showed tables and walls "covered with an immense quantity of bric-a-brac over which presumably adult teachers had spent a six weeks' summer course." They included a model Indian village and a mock bakers' shop, the latter decorated with magazine cutouts of cakes and buns. In the background a mural depicted grain elevators, as well as numerous other drawings, charts, and models. "It may be well," Neatby wrote, "to teach a child who does not know it, if there are any such, that cakes are made of flour and flour in turn from wheat. But the innocent 'layman' wonders if there is not some better way of teaching him than by him having cut out a picture of a cake and paste it on cardboard, or some better way of teaching the teacher to teach him than by having the teacher, in turn,



Woodrow S. Lloyd (above), Saskatchewan minister of education (and premier from 1961 to 1964), was one of Neatby's main opponents in the debate sparked by her book.

Headlines of the day reflect the flavour of the argument.

SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD / S-MM-B 3476

cut and paste pictures of cakes".

In another delightful passage, she mocked the progressive educator's obsession with "motivating" students. Children, it seemed, could not be required to learn simply to dispel their ignorance. According to the Saskatchewan *Elementary School Curriculum* guide, the teacher was to stimulate interest by having the subject of the lesson arise out of a "situation." For example, a thunderstorm, the burning out of a fuse, or static on the radio could lead into the study of electricity. Nor was it sufficient simply to teach the lesson. It had to culminate in a tangible production, such as a booklet, a model, or a "dramatization of the life of Edison." Neatby dryly observed, "It would not do merely to ask, 'What is known about the nature of electricity?' Instead the teacher must begin by surreptitiously shorting a circuit so as to blow out a fuse, and then exclaim: 'Well, well, isn't that interesting? A fuse has blown! Doesn't it make you want to study electricity? Wouldn't you like to learn all about it, so that we can produce a play on the life of Edison?'" Progressive educators wanted to deny the fact that the teacher exercised power in the classroom, even the purportedly "child-centered" classroom. Neatby argued that children were intelligent enough to see through the ruses designed to make them feel as if they were in control. As one little boy said, "Cooperation means you gotta."

What really raised the hackles of Department of Education officials, school administrators, and normal school instructors was Neatby's challenge to their authority. They were, in her opinion, men of technical expertise rather than broad culture and general learning. Few had a scholarly acquaintance with an academic discipline, except perhaps for psychology. Forgetting the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," they turned their minds to the latest in child psychology and school administration. Perhaps her unkindest cut was the suggestion that educational experts were of mediocre intelligence. Rhodes Scholars and winners of the Governor General's Medal were not found in their ranks, and they tended to come not from the top but from the second or third ten per cent of university students. Young men of "neat appearance" and "pleasant personality," they had an indefinable air of sameness about them. "If you meet Tweedledee in Halifax, Tweedledum meets you in Vancouver."

This devastating portrait raised a storm of injured protest. Even Neatby admitted that she had been rude to the "experts," and it was only to be expected that they would be rude to her. What disappointed her, however, was their failure to engage her arguments at a serious level. They vilified her personality, style, scholarship, and "emotionalism," but evaded the substance of what she had to say. But it wasn't only her enemies who missed the point. Many of those who liked the book latched on to minor issues and overlooked the central message. They interpreted it as a rallying cry for a return to the three Rs and for the restoration of discipline to the classroom, but Neatby's theme went much deeper. She warned that young people were being denied the cultural, intellectual, and moral legacy of Western civilization. They were left "weak for lack of nourishment and blind from want of vision." No longer did they have the opportunity to enter "the company of the great in history, in literature, and the arts; and into the mystery and beauty of the world in which they live."

Neatby had the courage to write *So Little for the Mind* and withstand the criticism it generated because she believed in the truth of what she was saying. As far as she was concerned, education was second only to religion in importance. She learned that lesson from her book-loving and devout Presbyterian father. Growing up in a freezing shack on a prairie homestead, she rose early on winter mornings, huddled at the kitchen table, and pored over her books, while the rest of the family slept. As a woman and an intellectual, she knew from personal experience what it was like to be an outsider. By dint of natural ability, but most of all through sheer, hard, brutal work, she rose to the top of her profession. A person of her force of character and depth of conviction was not likely to shrink from doing battle for what she believed to be a good cause. *So Little for the Mind* made a mark on the Canadian cultural landscape, one that has not been entirely blotted out. We continue to turn to its pages for enlightenment and inspiration. Its passion still stirs, while its humour brings a smile to the lips.

James M. Pitsula is a professor in the Department of History at the University of Regina.

et cetera

So Much to Do, So Little Time: The Writings of Hilda Neatby **edited and annotated by Michael Hayden. UBC Press, Vancouver, 1983.**

So Little for the Mind **by Hilda Neatby. Clarke, Irwin, Toronto, 1953.**

In June 2002, archaeologist Cara Pelletier stood in the pit that used to be the basement of the Occidental Hotel digging up artifacts. The structure had been destroyed by the Great Fire of 1900, along with almost two thousand other buildings in the LeBreton Flats neighbourhood of Ottawa. Every item she dug up belonged to residents of the hotel who fled in panic from a fire that ultimately destroyed 440 acres and left over eight thousand homeless.

The events leading up to and following the Great Fire reveal a part of Ottawa's history that is seldom mentioned – the industrial Ottawa. The LeBreton Flats community, located on the banks of the Ottawa River about two kilometres west of Parliament Hill, is central to that story. It is a story about the working class, the lumber industry, devastation, urban development, embarrassment, and about why, 102 years after the Great Fire, archaeologists were digging up its past.

In 1900, the lumber industry in Ottawa was thriving. Entrepreneurs like J.R. Booth and E.B. Eddy opened sawmills at the Chaudière Falls and soon were among Canada's first millionaires. They built their stone mansions in LeBreton Flats alongside the cheap, wooden homes of the mill workers.

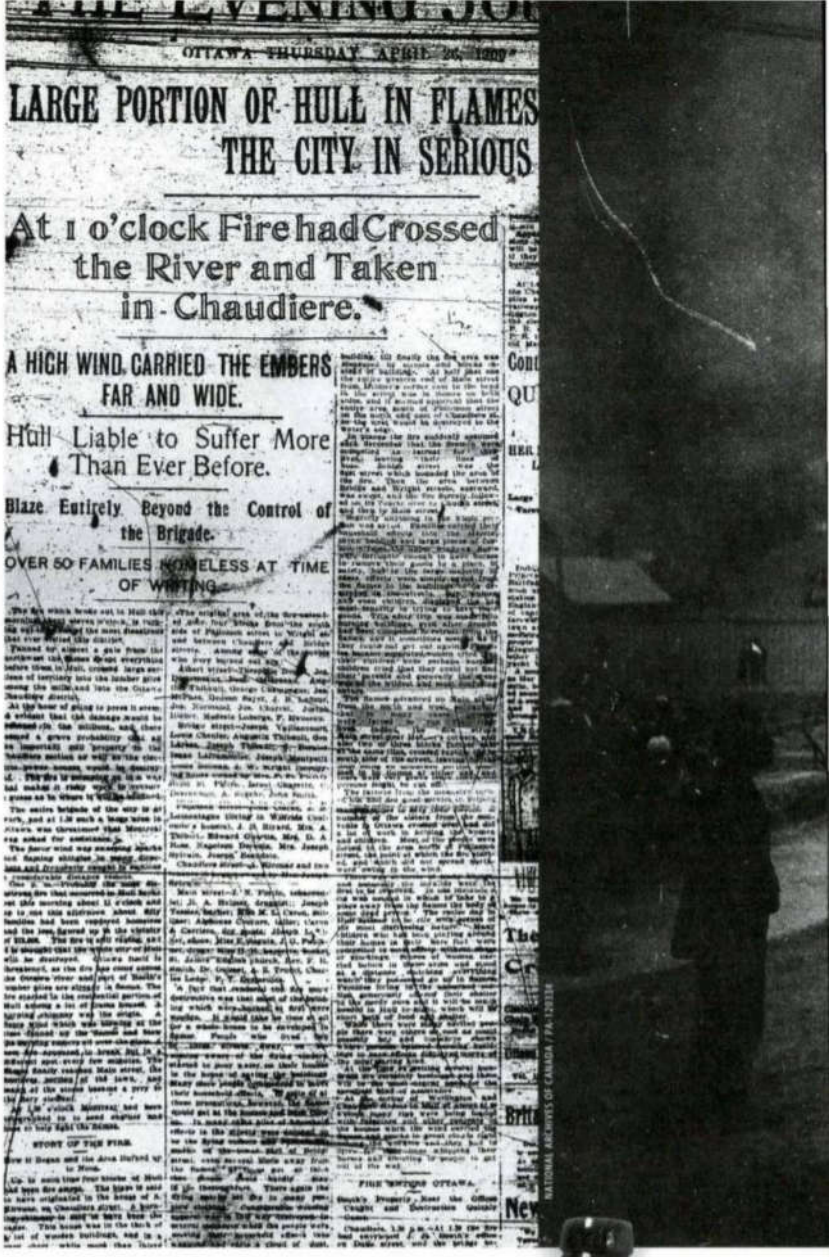
Huge lumber piles were everywhere in the city, and residents lived under a constant threat of fire. Both Booth and Eddy had already had their businesses destroyed at least once by fire. The lumber barons were the city's main employers. Between the taxes and wages he paid, Booth alone contributed almost five thousand dollars a day to the city's economy. Moving the lumber piles in the interests of public safety meant relocating the industry, and the city could not afford to lose this lucrative tax base.

The mill workers were a rough bunch who lived a harsh life. They worked long days for an average of twenty-seven cents an hour. Government provided no social assistance and whatever charity was available came from the church. In 1895, Booth reduced workers' hours from eleven to ten a day without a cut in pay, but that did little to ease their poverty, so they drank. The first building on LeBreton Flats was a tavern. So were the second and the third. Drinking was both a social activity and an escape. The archaeological dig uncovered hundreds of beer and wine bottles, corks, kegs, and huge alcohol storage barrels. No surprise that the Flats had a boozing and brawling reputation.

The fire began accidentally on the morning of April 26, 1900, in a defective chimney of a house in Hull, just across the river from LeBreton Flats. It quickly gained momentum, fortified by the wind, the wooden bridge, the lumber piles, and the workers' wood-shingled homes. By the time it reached the Flats, it was an inferno that Ottawa's small fire department was incapable of fighting.

The mass evacuation of LeBreton Flats began. Panic set in. Families became separated and children were lost. Furniture was thrown out of windows or dragged into the street. According to Ottawa's daily newspaper, the *Evening Journal*,

> *the scenes on every hand were wild, almost beyond description by pen. Only a camera could give anything*


OTTAWA THURSDAY APRIL 26, 1900

LARGE PORTION OF HULL IN FLAMES
THE CITY IN SERIOUS

At 1 o'clock Fire had Crossed the River and Taken in Chaudiere.

A HIGH WIND CARRIED THE EMBERS FAR AND WIDE.

Hull Liable to Suffer More Than Ever Before.

Blaze Entirely Beyond the Control of the Brigade.

OVER 50 FAMILIES HOMELESS AT TIME OF WRITING.

STORY OF THE FIRE.

FIRE BEYOND OTTAWA.

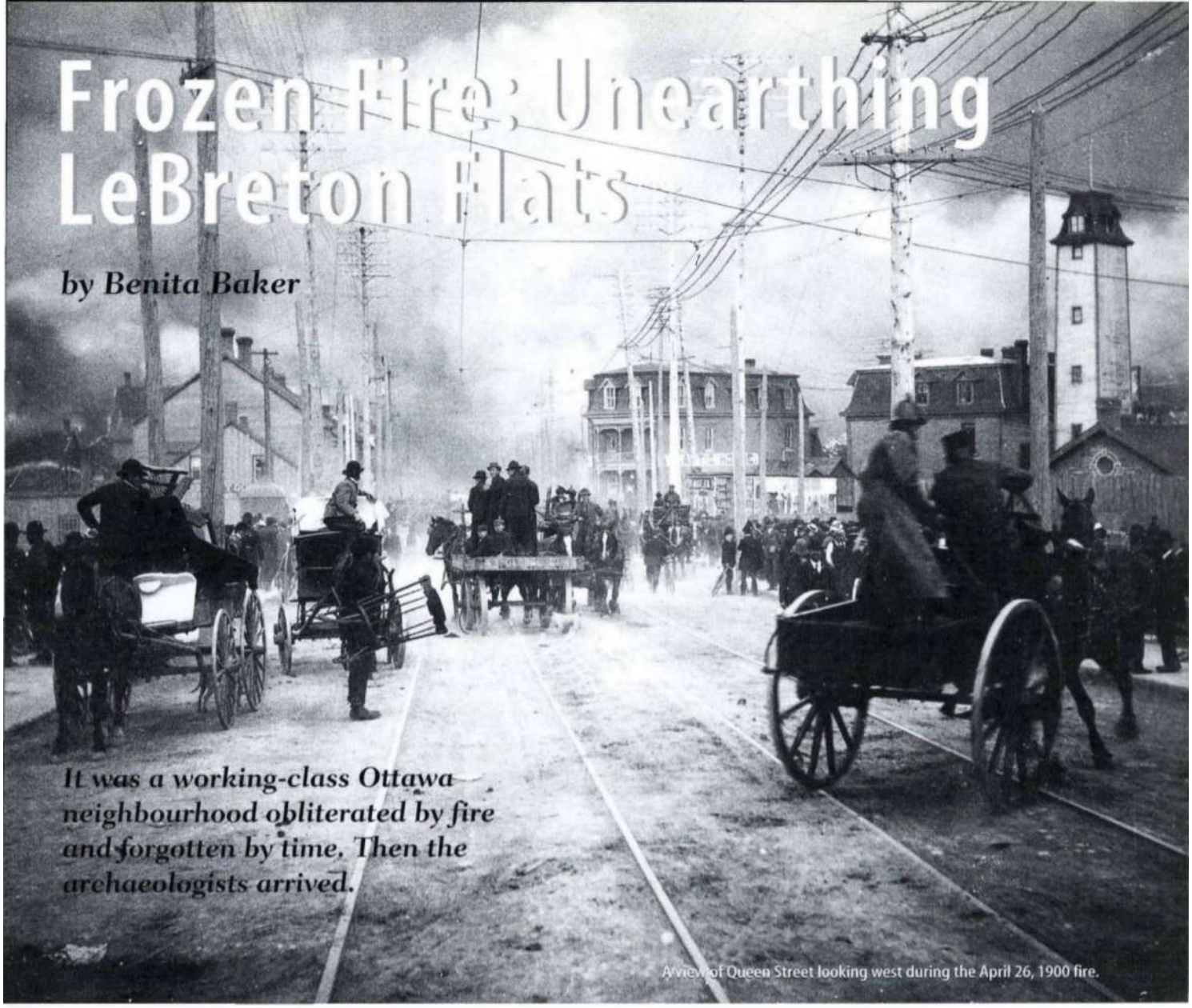
NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-123338

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ARTIFACTS COURTESY HUGH DAECHSEL

Frozen Fire: Unearthing LeBreton Flats

by Benita Baker

It was a working-class Ottawa neighbourhood obliterated by fire and forgotten by time. Then the archaeologists arrived.



A view of Queen Street looking west during the April 26, 1900 fire.

like a realistic picture. And even the camera's work would be incomplete, for it would lack the noises, the terrific roar of the suction made by wind, (on the outskirts of the burning it was almost a hurricane), the shouting of men, the crying of women and children. The rumble of hundreds of vans, wagons and carts, carrying off the stuff from the houses to places of safety.

The *Journal* went on to say that when the fire finally burnt out around midnight, all that was left of LeBreton Flats were "scenes of desolation and pathetic pictures that are simply indescribable. Old men and women, young men and women and children, sat alone, or perhaps in hundreds of small groups, with a few chairs, bundles and a scanty lot of household goods around them. It was all they had in the world." Amazingly, only eight people died. Thousands were left homeless, destitute, and unemployed.

Disaster relief for the victims poured in, and work began almost immediately to rebuild the neighbourhood. Even though six million board-feet of lumber was destroyed, the sawmills supplied free boards and struts for housing, and by the end of the year, 445 new homes had been completed. The freight yards were rebuilt, the factories and sawmills were operating. LeBreton Flats was back to work, but it would never be the same as before.

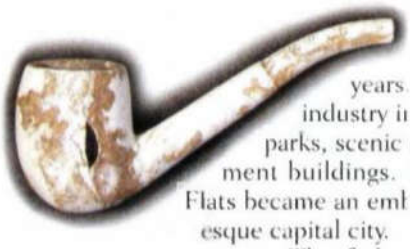
The Great Fire destroyed more than just homes and buildings – it destroyed the community's soul. The wealthy relocated to

It was almost as if the community was frozen in time. This was Ontario's Pompeii.

Artifacts from Duke Street dig. Clockwise from upper left: syringe, miscellaneous (mostly medicine) bottles, gravy boat, ceramic fragment dating to mid-nineteenth century, and a pipe. Beer bottle and spoon shown on previous spread.

other parts of the city, and in the haste to resurrect the area little money or incentive was found to clean up the ruins and the empty lots. Instead, the neighbourhood became home to metal foundries, scrap yards, auto wreckers, and mechanics shops. Eventually it deteriorated into an industrial slum.

At the same time, the city of Ottawa was adjusting to its relatively new prominence as the capital of Canada. A plan to beautify the city and transform it from lumber town to seat of government was initiated in 1899 and continued for another sixty years. There was little room for industry in a strategy that called for parks, scenic drives, and grand government buildings. Dirty and ugly LeBreton Flats became an embarrassment to the picturesque capital city.



The federal government acquired and eventually razed the entire neighbourhood in 1962. All traces of the community's existence were buried. For the next forty years the area remained vacant, used only for snow dumping and occasional festivals. Then in 2001 it was chosen as the location for a new Canadian War Museum, and the National Capital Commission, whose responsibility for developing the site included an environmental impact assessment, assigned archaeologists to begin an excavation.

More than 70,000 artifacts were uncovered – dinnerware, smoking pipes, religious objects, combs, coins, marbles, and even syringes and opiate bottles.* The site was an archaeologist's dream because a definite charcoal line in the soil layers made it easy to precisely date the items to the Great Fire. It was almost as if the community was frozen in time. This was Ontario's Pompeii.

The site was more intact and the artifacts better preserved than was expected. The hotel and surrounding buildings were essentially untouched below ground, allowing the archaeologists to develop a true sense of the people who lived there, to understand their lifestyle and living conditions, and to almost feel their panic when confronting the fire. It also made them wonder: when you're running for your life, when you know that everything you own will likely be destroyed, what do you take and what gets left behind?

Ironically, the archaeologists were facing a similar dilemma. Despite the state of preservation of the site, pressure to begin construction of the war museum, scheduled to open in May 2005, required that the excavation be halted, even though objects and buildings remained unearthed. Many of the artifacts discovered will be displayed at local museums, but so much got left behind, this time forever, because the soil was stripped to the bedrock, and any structures uncovered were demolished. "Whatever is left is sacrificed in the name of progress," Cara Pelletier concluded.

Nevertheless, the archaeologists unanimously agree that the richness of information provided by this site gave them the unique opportunity to learn about working-class life, especially since social histories tend to focus on the military or the wealthy. "I am not aware of any archaeology of this nature that has been done in Ontario that would provide this kind of assemblage of material and level of understanding," said project leader Hugh Daeschel.

Echoing the sentiments of the group, team member Jeff Earle summed up the unprecedented experience: "This is the most fantastic site we have done so far. It will be very hard to top it." 🍁

*At first archaeologists thought they might have uncovered evidence of a nineteenth-century drug culture. Narcotics were not illegal at the time, and various opiated tonics and elixirs were available at pharmacies and through mail order. Puzzling were the syringes, as injected opiates were not common for another forty years. Finally, archaeologists concluded that the syringes were for veterinary use and came from the stables adjacent to the hotel.

Benita Baker is an Ottawa writer with a special interest in history and culture. Her web address is <http://members.rogers.com/benita.baker>.

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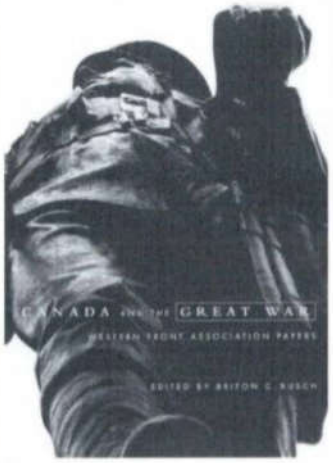

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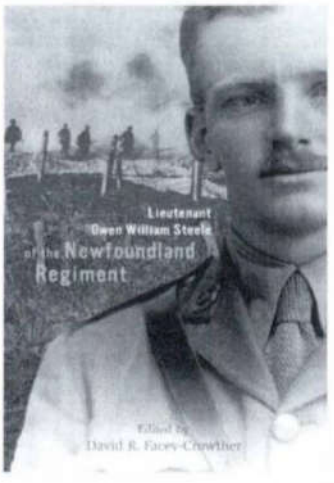

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At Any Price: *The Story of the Megantic Outlaw*

by Richard Stanford

Donald Morrison killed a man. For Scots in the Eastern Townships, there were worse crimes.

There may have been many things going through Donald Morrison's mind that languid June day in 1888 as he walked past the church, round the bend, and down the hill to the main street of his hometown of Megantic, Quebec. Probably uppermost in his mind was whether he was going to survive the day. He had the cold metallic security of his Colt .45 resting loosely in his holster. For seven years as a cowboy, riding herds from Montana to Texas, the pistol had been his protector. Only once had he ever come close to shooting someone. His reputation as a man with a strange accent and quick hands followed him everywhere. His cowboy days had ended five years ago – he thought they were long gone.

From the balcony of the American House Hotel, Donald saw the chambermaid shaking a white bed sheet. She smiled at him and waved. Donald waved back and continued on, his tall, broad-shouldered body moving gracefully and sure. He watched the children playing hide-and-go-seek in the dusty street and he remembered his own youthful days playing the same games with the same people who were waving at him now. They were mothers and fathers, unlike Donald. They bid him warm hellos and went about their business in Matheson's General Store, the blacksmith's shop, and the post office. Donald Morrison had other business to attend to, and he might have asked himself how it could have been that fate would now be leading him on this walk, in this place of all places.

A horse and buggy rumbled past Donald, sending up a plume of dust. He walked on, the dust settled, and Donald stopped. He saw Jack Warren coming down the steps of Leet's Hotel and walk out to the middle of the street, placing a reassuring hand on his hip. Donald fixed his steel blue eyes on Warren's hand. He knew Warren had a warrant for his arrest for arson and attempted murder. Maybe it was fitting he would die here, for all to see. His friends ran and gathered up their children. The street emptied as Warren moved closer and closer. Morrison walked diagonally across the street. Warren moved to cut him off. People peered through windows, praying that everything they had heard of Donald being a crack shot was true. Now, three metres apart, both men stopped.

"Stand clear!" shouted Donald. Warren smiled, motionless. The chambermaid, terror in her eyes, clutched the bed sheet to her chest as if it were a shield. "Stand clear!" repeated Donald. Warren smiled again as his hand dropped down to his holster. Donald's eyes caught the glint of the gun barrel clearing the holster. The last thing Warren saw would have

been a blur as Donald drew his Colt and fired in one blinding motion. Warren's head twisted back, horror etched in his face. He stood suspended for a few seconds; then his knees buckled and he fell to the dirt, blood oozing from his neck. All was silent. Donald was transfixed, trying to comprehend the dead body at his feet. Now there would be hell to pay.

Malcolm Matheson, the general store owner, shook him out of his trance, shouting at him to run! Donald raced down the street and up a hillside at the far end of town. He stopped, looked down to Megantic, and saw Warren's limp body being carried away.

Donald ran down the other side of the hill, making his way to Sandy Bay on the shore of Lake Megantic. From there he could see Ness Hill and the log cabin. My God, how did it all come to this?

It started in Montana Territory five years earlier when a letter arrived for Donald. It was a mother's plea to come home. He could sense the urgency buried in Gaelic deep between the lines. Returning to Ness Hill above the shimmering waters of Lake Megantic, near the Quebec-Maine border, Donald had looked out over a vastly different landscape from the grasslands of the West. Here the evergreen valleys, the streams of crystal water, and the fields of glacial rock aroused sweet memories. But Ness Hill could soon be lost. This farm, which Murdo and Sophia Morrison, and their sons and daughters, had carved out of rock and forest over the past twenty-five years, was deep in debt, the rocky terrain too unforgiving to grow vegetables and grain.

Sophia had often told Donald the story of how they and hundreds of other sheep farmers, or crofters, had emigrated from the Hebrides Isle of Lewis in 1841. All endured a perilous voyage to come to Canada in search of a new life. The Morrisons eventually made their way to Ness Hill in 1855. No longer tenant farmers, they cleared the impenetrable forest and rock for just enough land to grow barley and potatoes. They built a modest log cabin and a barn. It was here that Donald Morrison was born in 1858.

As Donald sat on the shore of Lake Megantic, he could see the jagged line of the cedar fence where he and his father often argued. He could hear again his father's harsh, angry voice. It had always been like that between them. It was one of the reasons Donald had gone out West in the first place – to get away from him. The other was to see the world.

But the letter brought Donald back. He paid off the outstanding debts without a second thought. Donald believed he was helping out by offering to take over the farm and its debts, in return for providing his parents with a new cabin and two acres of land. Murdo angrily rejected the offer. He was not going to give up what he had built with blood and sweat. Once again, Donald slammed the cabin door and left.

Murdo went to Malcolm McAulay for a second mortgage of $1,100 on the farm. Murdo was illiterate and McAulay, who was mayor of Megantic, knew it. McAulay scribbled a note at the end of the contract: $400 would be paid three months after the mortgage was due while interest would be levied on the full amount. Knowing nothing about the intricate details of finance, Murdo signed.

When Donald found out about the swindle, he confronted McAulay, accusing him of taking advantage of his father and demanding the terms of the mortgage be changed. Donald's blood boiled when McAulay refused, and boiled even more when Murdo was unable to make the payments.

The farm was put up for auction in September 1886. Donald had $400 in his pocket that day – all that was left of his savings. His

Donald Morrison was born near Megantic, Canada East, in 1858. This photograph was taken about the time of his trial in 1889.

Belief that the family farm had been sold fraudulently set Morrison on the path that led to murder. He harassed the new owner of the property on Ness Hill, Auguste Duquette, but claimed he had taken no part in burning the barn in May 1888 or firing a rifle into the cabin.

Murdo Morrison outside the log cabin that was Donald's last hiding place. Late on Easter Sunday, April 21, 1889, Morrison emerged in darkness and was ambushed and captured by a Montreal detective and a local guide.

Though Morrison eluded police after shooting Warren, reporter Peter Spanyaardt (above, right) tracked him down. The sensationalist interview he published in the *Montreal Star*, which presented the fugitive Morrison as a heroic figure, transformed a local incident into a provincewide concern, dividing communities along linguistic and class lines.

lawyer told him that would be sufficient because all McAulay wanted was to protect his investment. But the moneylender fooled them all, outbidding Donald and acquiring the farm for $1,000. Ness Hill was lost.

Donald had watched from a hillside the day Murdo and Sophia Morrison loaded their possessions into a wagon and left their Ness Hill farm forever. It was a gut-wrenching departure, listening to the gravel scrunching under the wheels as the wagon slowly turned away from the cabin and out into the obscurity of the open land. Donald saw Sophia as she looked back at the log cabin, a thousand memories of warm fires and laughing children etched on her face. He swore then he would get back the Ness Hill farm at any price.

Donald spent most of the following winter in Sherbrooke and Montreal trying to find a lawyer who would take on the case for reclaiming Ness Hill. Most listened sympathetically. All turned him down. The sale transaction was complete, they said, and the case was doomed to failure. The next summer Auguste Duquette and his family moved in to Ness Hill.

It was then Donald made a serious blunder. He went to Ness Hill, telling Auguste this was Morrison land, and if he knew what was good for him, he would take his family and leave. He should not have been surprised when Auguste told him he would do no such thing. A few days later, the barn was torched and shots were fired into the cabin. Donald maintained he was nowhere near Ness Hill when these events happened. Although he remembered telling his brother, Murdo Jr., that he would do something if Duquette stayed on the farm, it was a fit of anger, nothing more. He would never dream of burning down the barn or of harming a woman and a child. Donald never expected that Murdo Jr. would testify to his threats at the coroner's inquest, but he should have known – Donald and his father had been fighting battles; Donald and his brother had been waging war for years.

Standing at Sandy Bay, Donald took one last look at Ness Hill and ran off into the forest. The coroner had issued the warrants for arson and attempted murder. Now, with Jack Warren dead, they would be for murder.

As Donald Morrison was disappearing into the forest, Malcolm Matheson returned to his store. What he was about to do there would significantly affect the course of events. Matheson wrote up a list of names of people from the surrounding Scottish communities of Stornoway, Lingwick, Spring Hill, and Winslow. This would become the Morrison Defence Organization, formed to keep track of the police and provide Donald with safe houses and food. Had Matheson not done so, Donald Morrison would probably have been captured quickly and the whole affair would have sunk into obscurity. Instead, for ten long, gruelling months Donald Morrison evaded capture, becoming the most hunted outlaw in the history of Quebec and achieving the status of legend.

With the help of this network, Donald Morrison roamed the countryside, easily evading the local constabulary as well as the police from Sherbrooke and Quebec City who had been summoned for the manhunt. A reward of $1,200 was posted for his capture, but no one would give the authorities any information. Then in August, the *Montreal Star* published an

exclusive interview with Donald Morrison, written by reporter Peter Spanyaardt. Casting aside any pretence of journalistic objectivity, the headlines screamed: A Rebellion in Megantic – Morrison Defended by Yeomanry – The War Correspondent Interviews the Rob Roy of the Region. By placing Morrison on the level of Rob Roy, the legendary eighteenth-century Highland outlaw, Spanyaardt raised the incident to a new level: The story of Donald Morrison became a cause célèbre beyond Megantic and the Scottish community.

While the English press saw Morrison's defiance as the only way to deal with the injustice, the French press had a very different view. To it, the defiance of law and order by the Scottish community was itself the injustice. *La Presse* noted, "Si le *Star* n'avaient montré autant de sympathie pour ce nouveau Rob Roy ... peut-être Morrison serait-il aux mains de la justice."[1] *Le Pionnier* lectured the English papers for their failure to make it clear that it was the duty "de tous les citoyens d'accorder tout appui matériel et moral aux représentatants de la Couronne."[2] In spite of this, many French actively assisted the Morrison Defence Organization.

The premier of Quebec, Honoré Mercier, was furious. How was it that a journalist could find Morrison while after three months of searching, three police forces could not? Mercier was being embarrassed in Quebec and across the country. He ordered Attorney General Arthur Turcotte to flood the Eastern Townships with police, militia, bounty hunters, adventurers – anyone who would capture Morrison, dead or alive.

Montreal Police Chief George Hughes now headed the manhunt with over two hundred police and militia. He devised a new strategy: sudden house-to-house searches that would encompass the entire region. The tactic only strengthened the resolve of the Morrison Defence Organization, which had informants in every village reporting on police movements, harassing them, withholding information, and sending them off on wild goose chases. Peter Spanyaardt may have been creating a myth, but he was accurate when he wrote:

> The people of the Scottish settlements declare they have suffered for years the greatest injustice at the hands of unscrupulous money lenders. Till the Morrison outbreak, the hostility of the people did not show itself. [Morrison] is the first to declare his enmity, and his friends and countrymen consider it their duty to stand by him.

Throughout the brutal winter of 1888–1889, Donald slipped through the net. Hughes asked for more men, but by February, Premier Mercier had had enough. He wanted someone who could think on his feet and match wits with Morrison and his "clan of ruffians." Not a military general, but a judge: Judge Aimée Dugas.

What Dugas may have lacked in height (and hair), he more than made up for in tenacity and shrewdness. He quickly assembled a new team, recruiting a detective and two high-ranking officers from the Montreal Police Force. He established base camps throughout the region so that his forces could respond more quickly to any sightings of Morrison. He raised the reward to $3,000. Then Dugas applied a pressure tactic: a public proclamation that gave Dugas the authority to issue warrants for the arrest of anyone aiding or sheltering the outlaw. Dugas was counting on Morrison to feel guilty knowing his friends might languish in jail. He backed up the threat by arresting three members of Morrison's network. Then, he offered a truce so he could meet with Morrison to negotiate his surrender.

The man who stood before Dugas was hardly the handsome, resolute, and strong young man depicted in the wanted posters. The winter had taken its toll on Morrison – he was pale, exhausted, dirty, and the tense, sleepless nights showed in his blood-shot eyes. Dugas would later admit to feeling great respect for this man who had outwitted the police for over nine months. Dugas urged Morrison to quit before one of the bounty hunters killed him first. Donald offered to leave the country, but only if Ness Hill were given back to his family. Dugas hadn't come to barter. Neither had Morrison. The meeting was over.

The following day, Dugas issued forty-five more warrants. He dismantled the network piece by piece, taking into custody five key members, but leaving its head, Malcolm Matheson, free. The rest vanished into the wilderness.

A writ of *habeas corpus* was filed by lawyer J. Sidney Broderick, preventing further arrests, but Dugas chose to ignore it. Time was running out – the Montreal police were due to return Easter weekend. As the deadline approached, Dugas feared defeat in the mud of a spring thaw.

The police, militia, and bounty hunters, now numbering over three hundred, were tired and fed up with freezing in this rugged land. Except for two of them – a Montreal detective and a bounty hunter. They were watching from a hillside as a plume of smoke rose from a log cabin where Donald was eating his last meal as

[1] "If the *Star* hadn't shown so much sympathy for this new Rob Roy, maybe Morrison would be in the hands of justice."

[2] "of all the citizens to grant total physical and moral support to representatives of the Crown."

The Sherbrooke courthouse where Morrison's trial was held in October 1889.

a free man with his mother and father, near the warmth of the fireside.

Murdo was forlorn that evening. Guilt bore down on him. He realized that by stubbornly not listening to his own flesh and blood, he was partly responsible for this sad mess. Donald said he was heading back west, where he could vanish. When Donald finally stepped out into the darkness, they were waiting for him. As bullets whistled around him, Donald made a desperate dash for freedom. As he neared the perimeter fence, one bullet found its mark in his buttock, sending him crashing to the ground. It hurt tremendously, but it didn't matter. His days as a free man were over.

Donald Morrison was tried for murder in Sherbrooke in October 1889. Throughout the trial, the courtroom was packed. Donald listened stoically as Judge Edward Brooks charged the jury to find him guilty of manslaughter if it could not find him guilty of first-degree murder. Reluctantly, the jury found him guilty of manslaughter but pleaded for the lightest sentence possible. The judge disagreed, sentencing Morrison to eighteen years hard labour in St. Vincent-de-Paul Penitentiary.[3]

Donald had told Peter Spanyaardt he would never surrender as prison would be a death sentence. Condemned to hard labour and silence, Donald could only look to the trees and sky through the bars of his cell with painful longing. Unable to face the prospect of such hard time, the proud Donald Morrison went on a hunger strike and died of pulmonary consumption in the spring of 1894. He was thirty-six years old.

[3]Nothing was ever proven about Morrison's alleged torching of the Duquette barn or of the shots fired at the cabin. At his trial, the charges of arson and attempted murder at the farm were dropped.

Over two hundred Scots and French from Megantic and surrounding villages came for Morrison's burial in the Guisla Cemetery, just down the road from Sophia and Murdo Morrison's cabin where Donald had been ambushed. It was a solemn day for not only his family but for the many who had tried so hard to protect Donald. Murdo would die the following year and be buried next to his son—fittingly they are together, sorting out their differences for eternity. Sophia joined them in 1906.

Within a generation, the Scottish community of the region had all but disappeared. For the younger generation, the West was the land of opportunity, as it had been for Donald Morrison years before. For those who remained, the Morrison saga strengthened their communal bonds, but it may have also hastened their exodus by intensifying their sense of alienation as more and more French Canadians moved into the region. By 1945 the diaspora of the Scottish clans was complete. Yet, when you come into the bustling town of Megantic today, retracing Donald Morrison's footsteps round the bend and down the hill onto Rue Frontenac, you will come to Le Morrison—a brasserie, formerly the American House Hotel. Anyone on the street will tell you *en français*, and with great pride, that you are standing on the very spot where Donald Morrison shot Jack Warren. Thus the legend seems to have crossed linguistic lines.

Then you can go into Le Morrison, sit at a table where a place mat will be set before you. Printed on it is a large, sepia photograph of man with sharp eyes, DONALD MORRISON printed boldly across the top. While you wait for your pint of ale, you can read the highlights of *l'affaire Donald Morrison* printed in French and English on the place mat. Then you can sip your ale, look out the window, and maybe see a chambermaid shaking a bed sheet under the hot sun.

Richard Stanford is a screenwriter living in Vaudreuil-Dorion, Quebec. He has completed the writing of a screenplay, "At Any Price – A Life of Donald Morrison." He would like to dedicate this story to John Montgomery Baillie (1924–2003).

et cetera

Wanted – Donald Morrison: The True Story of the Megantic Outlaw **by Clarke Wallace. Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 1977.**

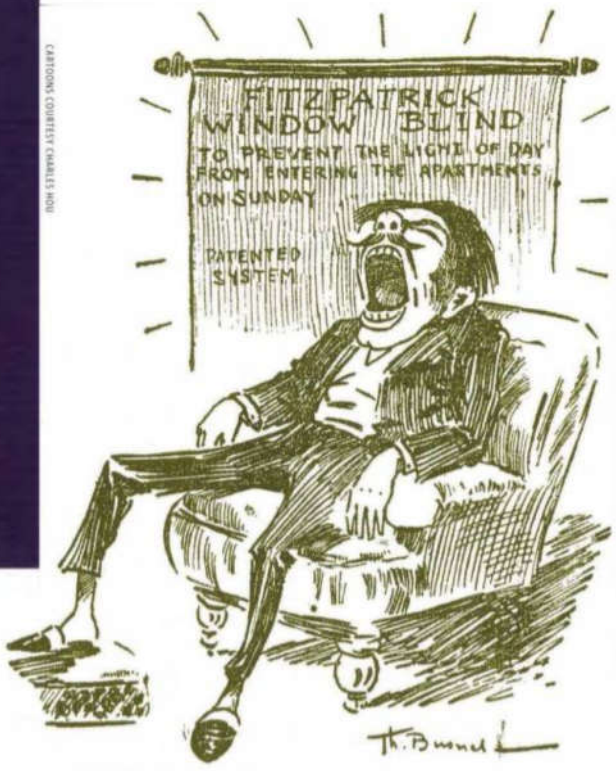
A one-hour documentary, "Donald Morrison," part of History Television's series *The Canadians: Biographies of a Nation*, is available at <www.historytelevision.ca>.

Never on a Sunday

The Lord's Day Act of 1906 guaranteed one day a week off. But it didn't say you could have fun.

by Cheryl MacDonald

CARTOONS COURTESY CHARLES HOU



A Quebec View of the Proposed Lord's Day Act

From the March 28, 1906 edition of the Toronto *Daily Star*.

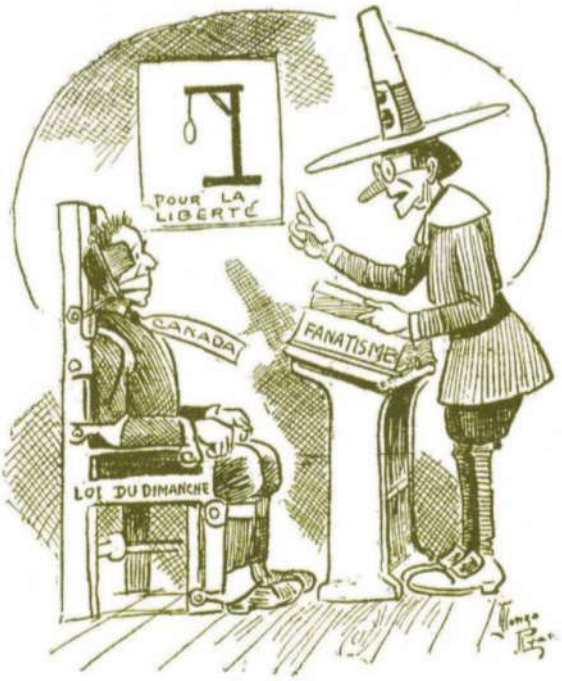
In March 1921, Ernest MacMillan was preparing for a special benefit performance of Brahms's *German Requiem* at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church. The twenty-seven-year-old choirmaster had arranged for members of three Toronto choirs to sing the work, accompanied by forty-five hired musicians.

Coordinating the singers of St. Andrew's Presbyterian, Deer Park Presbyterian, and Eaton Memorial Church was no easy task, and it was made more difficult because most of the professional musicians performed at city theatres during the week. Still, MacMillan had managed to book a full rehearsal for the afternoon of Sunday, March 20, just three days before recital.

Then someone warned him that the musicians would be violating the Lord's Day Act if the rehearsal went ahead. Police confirmed that they would press charges. Nevertheless, representatives of Eaton Memorial vowed to fight, the rehearsal took place, and the recital was a triumph. Ultimately no charges were laid. As *Saturday Night* magazine put it, prosecuting musicians "for playing sacred music in a sacred edifice on a Sunday" might well have created a precedent "that sooner or later would involve countless churches who pay professional musicians for exercising their callings on Sunday."

MacMillan went on to a knighthood and interna-

Le Triomphe du Fanatisme



Le Puritain.—Enfin, mon cher frère bien-aimé, je vous tiens en mon pouvoir. Il y a trop longtemps que vous me scandalisez avec votre manière d'agir le dimanche ; je suis résolu à sauver votre âme, dussé-je pour cela tuer votre corps.

A l'avenir il vous sera défendu de vous promener, de lire les journaux, de fumer un cigare, et de parler le français le dimanche.

Nous attacherons tous les gens de Montréal à leur chaise dans leur maison avec les liens de la nouvelle loi, et nous les sauverons ainsi du *péché de la liberté*.

"The Triumph of Fanaticism" (right) from the June 30, 1906 edition of *Le Canard*, a satirical Quebec newspaper at the turn of the last century. The text reads:

The Puritan – At last, my dear brother, I hold you in my power. For too long have you scandalized me with your way of acting on Sunday. I've resolved to save your soul even though it may kill you.
In the future you will be forbidden to go out, to read newspapers, to smoke a cigar, and to speak French on Sundays.
We're going to tie all the people of Montreal into their chairs into their houses with the bonds of the new law and
in this way we will save them from the sins of liberty.

tional fame as a musician, composer, and conductor, but the issue of which Sunday activities were legal and which were not confused and frustrated Canadians for decades to follow.

Controversy has long surrounded the weekly day of rest sanctioned by the Bible. In England, laws governing Sunday observance included the Sunday Fairs Act of 1448 and An Act for Punishing Divers Abuses Committed on the Lord's Day of 1625. The enactment of the 1627 Act for Further Reformations of Sunday Abuses proved that, despite the influence of the Puritans, not everyone agreed on what activities were appropriate on Sunday. Transplanted to the New World, Sunday laws were gradually watered down over the next two centuries. Still, 1845 Ontario legislation outlawed "skittles, ball, foot-ball, racket, or any other noisy game," plus gambling, racing, fishing, hunting, shooting, and a host of commercial activities.

Some cynics suggested that the only reason the Alliance continued to support an outdated law was to stop church revenues from dwindling.

For years, the Ontario law and similar ones in other provinces were enforced sporadically, but by the late 1870s, as more and more people escaped into the anonymity of Canada's cities, religious reformers were increasingly concerned about Sabbath-breaking. In 1888, spearheaded by the Presbyterian church, representatives of various Protestant denominations formed the Lord's Day Alliance. Its mission was to stop the secularization of Sunday.

Over the next two decades, while ministers raged against Sabbath-breaking from the pulpit, Alliance members demanded prosecutions for all kinds of Sunday activities. Whether the charges ended in conviction depended to a great extent on circumstances, the social class of the offender, and the judge's interpretation. In May 1895, for instance, V.F. Cronyn, J.F. Edgar, W.J.S. Gordon, and A.W. Smith were charged with playing golf on a Sunday. Fined five dollars each in June, the four members of the Toronto Golf Club appealed. Their conviction was overturned in September when a judge ruled:

> *This game of golf is not a game within the meaning of the law. It is not noisy. It attracts no crowds. It is not gambling. It is on a parallel, it seems to me, with a gentleman going out for a walk on Sunday, and as he walks, switching off the heads of weeds with his walking stick.*

Many of the activities targeted were working-class pleasures, including baseball games, visits to amusement parks, or boat cruises. Throughout the Victorian age, churches and social reformers had tried to impose their ideas of respectability on the working class. Enforcement of Lord's Day legislation was just one instance, but in this case the Alliance was supported by the labour movement, which argued that strict observance of the Sabbath would guarantee a day of rest for working men.

Although Queen Victoria died in January 1901, the spirit of her era survived in Canada for another half-century. In July 1906, the Alliance's years of campaigning culminated in the passage of a federal Lord's Day Act. The issue was bitterly debated. Quebec politician and newspaper publisher Henri Bourassa argued that the legislation violated provincial rights. He also ridiculed the many exceptions that were built into the proposed legislation, including a clause that allowed Monday papers to be prepared on Sunday evenings and another allowing domestic servants an alternate day off if they worked even briefly on Sundays. To accommodate Quebec's concern for provincial rights, a key section ruled that the federal act would not supersede any existing or future provincial legislation. Municipalities were also given discretionary power when it came to prosecutions. Since the new act did not become law until March 1907, Quebec had time to pass legislation that effectively maintained the status quo, permitting Quebeckers many fewer Sunday restrictions than other provinces.

One of the main changes the act brought in Ontario was a ban on the sale of Sunday newspapers. In Hamilton, on the first Sunday the law went into effect, there were few violations. A notable exception was Louis Birk, a news vendor who had stamped his newspapers with the phrase "to be returned Tuesday" and argued that the papers were leased, not sold. The court was unconvinced, and because Birk had run afoul of Sunday laws before, he was fined thirty dollars.

The enactment of the Lord's Day Act brought a number of prosecutions across the country. Within seven years, however, Canada was at war, and while there were occasional complaints, the notion of Sunday as a day of rest took a back seat to the war effort. Canadians, scarred by the horrific experiences of war, but also more sophisticated because of exposure to European culture, became more vocal in their opposition to moral watchdogs. In 1937, when Captain Archibald Pither of Toronto was convicted of buying a package of tobacco on Sunday, he commented, "Overseas I had to fight as hard on Sundays as any other day." Sentenced to a two-dollar fine or a day in jail, he took the jail time.

Canadians were especially vocal about uneven implementation of the act. The 1930 Vancouver debate surrounding miniature golf was typical. Happyland, an amusement area that included a miniature golf course, was not allowed to operate on Sundays, and municipal

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C5170

A seminal figure in the growth of Quebec nationalism, Henri Bourassa (1868–1952) argued in the House of Commons that the federal Lord's Day Act violated provincial rights. His dissent brought modifications to the legislation that allowed provinces and municipalities some discretionary power. Quebec was able to pass legislation before the federal act became law that gave it the fewest Sunday restrictions of any province or territory.

tennis courts were closed. But the municipal golf course was open, and the city park board rented bathing suits at English Bay, where hot-dog stands and drink booths also operated.

During the debate, Reverend George G. Webber, secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, explained that the problem wasn't with the amusements themselves, but in the precedent that would be set by opening them:

> *If those who are financially interested in this sport were permitted to make Sunday a regular day for the promotion of their particular type of business on Sundays, then the same privileges could not reasonably be denied to those financially interested in the promotion of … bowling alleys, billiard rooms, dance halls, theatres, etc. We are not prepared to hand over our Canadian Sunday for the exploitation of commercialized amusement.*

But the Alliance's power was already waning. In the wake of another world war and the economic boom that followed, Canadians demanded a variety of Sunday activities, including movies and sports. Sam Morris, publisher of a weekly newspaper in the Lake Erie resort town of Port Dover, had lost a brother and a leg in the Great War. When the Lord's Day Alliance cracked down on Sabbath violations in his town, he expressed his disgust in an October 1946 editorial:

> *If you're just a Common Jo[e] who works six days of the week and only have the Sunday to go to the beach for a picnic – you're stymied before you start. You must walk and act straightlaced, turning neither to the right nor the left, and don't think you can come to Port Dover and treat your kids to a candy apple – no sir, the Freedom you so nobly fought for and nearly died for, is put away for the next war.*

Like Sam Morris, Canadians in growing numbers were demanding a more liberal approach to Sunday amusements. In 1945, North Bay, Ontario, allowed commercial hockey games on Sunday. In 1950, both Toronto and Windsor taxpayers voted in favour of Sunday sports. By 1955, some sixty-nine Ontario municipalities had held plebiscites on the question, with only twenty-seven – including Hamilton and Ottawa – voting to maintain Sunday restrictions.

For those who wanted the same range of activities on Sundays as on every other day of the week, there were still many hurdles to surmount. Moviegoers couldn't see a film in Toronto until the 1960s, and in the 1980s a huge controversy over Sunday shopping erupted. But, by the 1950s, it was clear that the Lord's Day Alliance was no longer a power to be reckoned with.

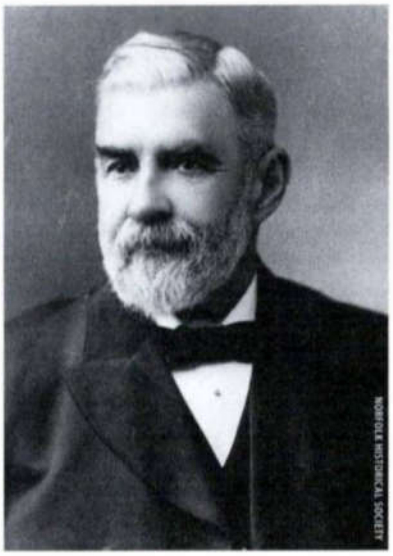
Some cynics suggested that the only reason the Alliance continued to support an outdated law was to stop church revenues from dwindling. Canadians, they said, saw through its façade of moral posturing. But others pointed to an increasingly secular society as well as to a rise in individualism. As Vancouver lawyer James J. Sutherland said in a 1954 radio debate:

> *I firmly believe that the Lord's Day Alliance is composed of high-minded men and women … And one thing that should be brought home to these high-minded men and women is that one of the freedoms we obtained over the centuries with blood and sweat was the privilege of going to hell in ways of our own choosing.* ⚜

Cheryl MacDonald is a writer in rural Nanticoke, Ontario.

Forbidden Travel

One of the leaders of the Lord's Day Alliance was John Charlton, a member of parliament who repeatedly spoke out on Sunday reform in the House of Commons. An American-born Presbyterian, Charlton amassed a fortune as a lumber baron while strictly observing Sundays as a day of rest. No work was permitted in his lumber camps on that day, and, despite business and political commitments that took him far from his home village of Lynedoch (southeast of London, Ontario), Charlton refused to travel on Sundays.



NORFOLK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

John Charlton: refused to travel on Sunday.

Other Alliance members were equally adamant. In a 1955 article, *Maclean's* magazine recounted how Reverend W.J. MacKenzie was travelling from Toronto to Vancouver one Saturday night in 1903. A missionary, MacKenzie was on his way to catch a boat for Korea, but when the train stopped at a remote spot in the Rockies, he grabbed his hat, coat, and luggage and prepared to disembark.

Questioned by a passenger, MacKenzie pointed out that it was nearly midnight and he had "no intention of travelling on the Sabbath." ⚜

—C.M.

Artifact

Marie Charlotte Gloria Roch was born in Montreal on April 3, 1721 and married fur trader Pierre Dufour sixteen years later. She bore twelve children, and spent the last half of her forty-five years living at Detroit. Like most women in New France at the time, she probably could neither read nor write. Yet she owned a **bone plate** meant to decorate the handle of a small knife or other utensil that had been personalized with the inscription "Charlote Roc." Found by a student archaeological team digging in 2002 at Pointe à Callière, the site where Montreal was established in 1642, the plate, experts speculate, was probably lost by Charlotte during a routine chore of paring fruits or vegetables, about the time of her 1737 marriage.

The bone plate powerfully evokes a past world. By the time of Charlotte's youth, the imposing stone château de Callière, built by Montreal's third governor Louis-Hector de Callière between 1688 and 1695, was in eclipse. A subsequent owner, however, rented the grounds to a succession of gardeners. Was Charlotte a gardener's daughter? Or did Pierre Dufour have a connection to the chateau? Were the grounds a trysting place for young lovers? Young Charlotte and her generation may have appreciated the ambience of the aging chateau pavilions, mature fruit trees, and garden alleys.

Who then carved her name on the bone plate? Was it Pierre Dufour? Or did Charlotte learn to write her name as a married woman? Charlotte's story is far from complete and the bone plate with her name raises probing questions about women and literacy in New France.

For more information, contact:
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Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Tales of the CPR**
by David Laurence Jones
Fifth House Publishers, Calgary, Alberta, 2002
208 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover, $27.95 paper

■ **Farley: The Life of Farley Mowat**
by James King
HarperFlamingo, Toronto, 2002
398 pp., $37.95 hardcover

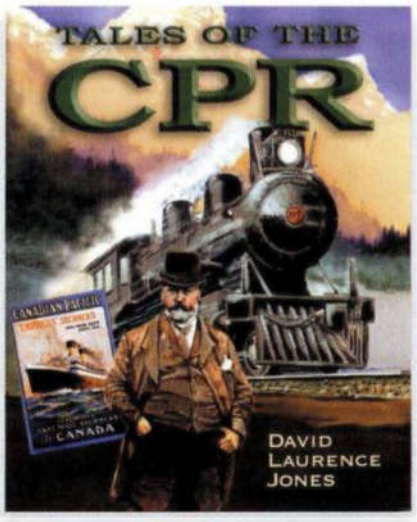
■ **A Keen Soldier: The Execution of Second World War Private Harold Pringle**
by Andrew Clark
Alfred A. Knopf Canada, Toronto, 2002
342 pp., $35.95 hardcover

CPR über alles

Tales of the CPR by David Laurence Jones is a series of tales about Canada's first transcontinental railway. While there have been dozens of books on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from John Murray Gibbon's "romantic" history in 1935 to Pierre Berton's "national dream" of the 1980s, this is the first collection of anecdotes recounting colourful aspects of this huge company that, like it or not, from the 1880s to the 1980s touched, often dominated, our lives. Not only did it transport Canadians, along with the grain that nourished our bodies, but also it fed our souls with Canadian music, film, and art.

The anecdotes are divided into four chapters, the first being "The Finest Railway in the World," a catch-all chapter that tells tales as diverse as the development of Calgary, Prairie harvesters, and silk trains. Chapters two, on ships, and three, on hotels, provide the reader with stories of those two important "children" of the railway, while a fourth called "New Opportunity Around Every Corner" includes tales as divergent as Canadian Pacific Airlines, the company's salt industry in Windsor, Ontario, and radio broadcasting.

In many ways, the CPR was a modern Roman Empire, and the Brooks Aqueduct, in southern Alberta, which diverted water to parched farmland, and today is preserved as a national monument, is a tangible reminder of the connection between the two great



empires, both of which understood that without water, empires cannot flourish. Jones also reminds us of the CPR's connection with the making of the Canadian parks system, as well as with international events such as the world wars of the twentieth century.

The text is beautifully illustrated with scores of photographs of officials, workers, and tourists; advertising posters of CPR hotels and golf courses; and transportation networks from trains to planes to zeppelins. A Canadian Pacific van advertising Canada and the railway, parked at the foot of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, London, just before the Great War, allows Jones, in one of the scores of nicely told and carefully researched cutlines, to explain that the company did perhaps more than even the Dominion government in promoting Canada abroad. All the illustrations advance the narrative of each story, though I wondered just how the photographer survived to print the image of three coal stokers on board the doomed *Empress of Ireland* in 1914.

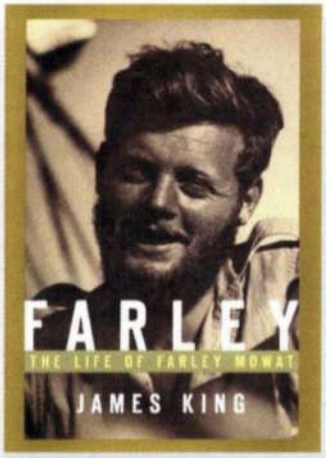
No book is without flaws. While I like the anecdotal style, I cringed a couple of times at too much folksiness. A couple of factual errors have crept in. Prince George did not become King George VI. Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, was not created by the CPR. Occasional repetitions, such as two introductions to John Murray Gibbon (pages 183 and 184) and an illustration twice used (pages 111 and 130), call for further drafts. I think it fair to question the absence of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, where today there are plenty of stories about Covenhaven, Sir William Van Horne's summer retreat for twenty-five years, beginning in 1891, and where today his mansion and huge barn survive on Minister's Island. The town today is dominated by the grand CPR hotel, the Algonquin.

By times, I longed for an explanatory endnote. When Jones retells stories about freight rates or about the development of Western Canada, he might have consulted works by Kenneth Cruikshank on rates or John Eagle on Prairie development. While I am no admirer of the often turgid writing styles of academic historians, their methodology is admirable, and their publications provide context for anecdotes and stories.

These minor errors and irritations do not, however, detract from the enjoyment of reading hundreds of tales about this mythical company whose east-west trajectory helped to create and perpetuate the Canada of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Reviewed by **R.B. Fleming**, a biographer and historian living in Argyle, Ontario.

Farley's Version



Although bitterly attacked in its time as near fantasy, there was probably no book as influential on Canadian northern policy as Farley Mowat's first book, *People of the Deer*. Published in early 1952, it was an indictment against the serious mismanagement of northern territories where natives, the Inuit of the Barrens, were so neglected they regularly died of starvation or disease. There was a terrific irony in that it was Mowat, and not someone weightier, who captured the public's attention. Working as a lowly and often unhappy scientific assistant on the southern edge of the Barrens in the summers of 1947 and 1948, Mowat gathered some powerful impressions from a few natives about a lost Inuit tribe that had crumbled because of the malfeasance of the white man. Many of the details in *People of the Deer* were exaggerated and patently incorrect. To this day no anthropologist has ever identified Mowat's famous Ihalmiut, the People of the Deer. Among old Arctic hands, the traders and scientists long familiar with the north, Mowat earned the epithet "Hardly Know-it." The impact of his book, which was very positively reviewed at length by R.R. Knight in the House of Commons on December 10, 1953, nevertheless helped push the government at last towards serious northern development. Although he continued to write bestseller after bestseller, often with a northern theme, Mowat would never again be so influential, looking more and more like an isolated, if entertaining, eccentric with a grudge against precisely the southern culture that bought his books in such great numbers.

In the first full-scale biography of Mowat, ***Farley: The Life of Farley Mowat***, James King presents us with the man behind the stories, an often elfin trickster, whose association with hard facts from childhood was only approximate. The only child of a prominent librarian, Angus Mowat, Farley was known early on for practical jokes and wildly inventive prose compositions. He conducted moderately dangerous scientific experiments. He intensely loved animals and birds. Like many Canadian boys his age, he desired to become an Indian from reading Ernest Thompson Seton's *Two Little Savages*. It was clear from passages in *People of the Deer* that he was still playing that dream with the Inuit he met in 1947.

As biographer, King operates from a premise that the essence of the man lies in the personal life. It's to be found in his relationship to his parents, his wives, his children. Although such detail is often the hardest thing for a biographer to round up, King seems to have been provided unprecedented access to the Mowat family for both documentation and interviews. There is an overabundance of detail. We learn about his continual rivalry with his father—they were more like competing brothers than father and son—his often difficult marriages with Fran and then Claire, and his uncertain role as father to two sons. Although this deeply interests King, he is less certain about showing how much of this personal life projected and shaped Mowat's view of the world. Certainly Mowat's opportunism and voracious ambition had roots in his early family life, but what about his lifelong zeal to change public thought?

On the question of Mowat's veracity King is deliberately equivocal be-

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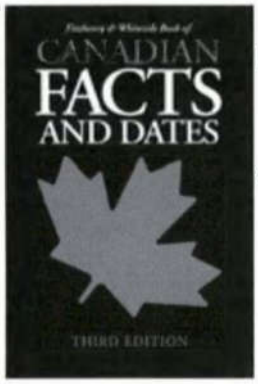

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cause of the wider issue that altered facts can sometimes reveal, as Mowat's editor Peter Davison once said, "deeper truths." King certainly provides enough material to illustrate how natural fact-shaping was to Mowat. In one anecdote, about a car his publisher Jack McClelland damaged on a wild seaside road in Newfoundland, King compares two differing versions, one by Mowat, the other by McClelland, showing how Mowat vastly improved a mundane story. But this is craft, and it's uncertain at what point – and why – a wider vision might ever kick in. In the end Mowat still constitutes a mystery. Perhaps this is always the case with the trickster figure. Winking and smiling, Mowat still dances in a kilt on the wide stage of events.

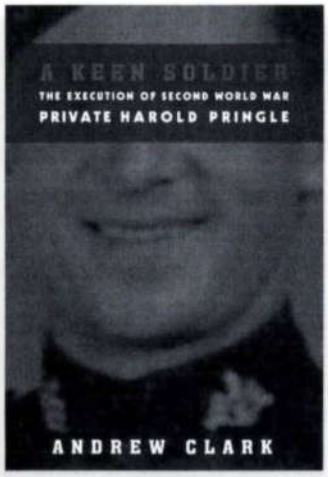
Reviewed by **John Ayre**, author of *Northrop Frye: A Biography*, who lives in Guelph, Ontario.

Rough Justice at the Front

The army career of Private Harold Joseph Pringle, the only soldier executed by the Canadian military from the Second World War, is not impressive. Enlisting in 1940 as an underage recruit in Ontario's Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment, Private Pringle's life spiralled downward soon after his father, who had enlisted with him, was deemed unfit for combat duty and returned to Canada. Pringle went AWOL several times, was imprisoned in England, deserted in Italy, took up a life of crime with a band of fellow deserters known as the Sailor Gang, and went on a wild rampage in Rome, culminating in the death of another Canadian deserter. He was eventually arrested, court martialled, and convicted of murder. Sentenced to death by firing squad, Pringle was executed in Italy, two months after the war had ended in Europe.

Andrew Clark, an award-winning journalist and documentary filmmaker from Toronto, has pieced together this troubled life through relentless detective work, strong investigative research, and sheer good luck. Clark has been consumed by the Harold Pringle saga since first hearing about it from his

grandfather. He invested considerable time, effort, and resources in what became an extensive two-year odyssey to uncover the story, which had largely sunk into oblivion for over fifty years. In ***A Keen Soldier***, the author provides enough compelling evidence from court martial transcripts to show that the charge against Pringle was never proved beyond a reasonable doubt. While the accused should have been acquitted of murder, the military panel took only an hour to find him guilty.



No one will dispute that Clark has shed important and substantial light on this tragic episode. But many will feel that the author has lost sight of objectivity as the result of becoming closely involved with Pringle and championing his cause. Clark claims that Pringle suffered from shell shock and battle exhaustion, suggesting that these factors ultimately led him to desert the army. These are matters of speculation. Although many soldiers in Italy were afflicted with these debilitating illnesses, Clark provides no specific proof that Pringle was one of them.

A Keen Soldier runs longer than is justified and much of the narrative is superfluous. Clark unnecessarily embellishes the text with extensive background information and anecdotes from the war. There is no need to provide this extraneous material, as the story of Harold Pringle—together with that of how the author managed to track down his data—is sufficient. The book contains several photographs, most of which come from private collections and have likely never been published before. Their inclusion is an added bonus, but there are surprisingly few photographs as a whole. *A Keen Soldier* would have benefitted from additional archival images to help provide context. Oddly, there is no photograph of Pringle's grave, even though the author begins and ends the book there. But the front cover dust jacket design is particularly noteworthy. It includes a red band containing the book's title covering the eyes of Pringle, who refused to be blindfolded when executed, according to at least one veteran who served with him. Finally, Clark needs to read up on the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He erroneously calls it the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, adding it was raised in Alberta and fought in the Boer War. The Patricias were actually raised in Ottawa at the outbreak of the First World War.

A Keen Soldier tells a disturbing story, and Pringle's case may represent injustice at its absolute worst. Pringle and two British deserters of the Sailor Gang, including its ringleader, were sacrificed on the altar of expediency. They were victims too. Their executions appear to have been carried out

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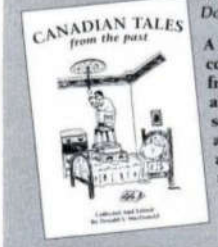

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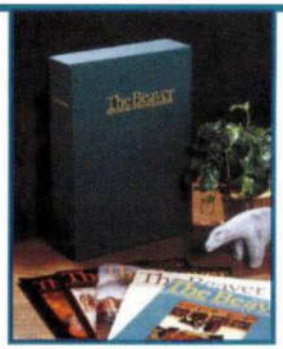

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to send a law-and-order message to both Italian civilians and Allied military deserters. Pringle undoubtedly deserved some type of punishment for desertion and criminal behaviour while on the loose, but not death on a trumped-up murder charge. By helping to reopen the Pringle file, *A Keen Soldier* may be a catalyst for the reassessment of a matter that represents an unfortunate footnote to Canada's superb war effort in Italy.

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy** who has a keen interest in Canadian military history.

More Books

- *Alequiers: The History of a Homestead*. By Mike Schintz.

  Many people have a sacred place somewhere in their lives, a space to which they return for spiritual nourishment or emotional comfort. For Mike Schintz, a veteran of Canada's National Park Warden service, that place is a whitewashed log house on the banks of the Highwood River in southern Alberta. He grew up there midcentury, but the house was already old when his Dutch-born father acquired it, a homestead built in ranch country by a settler who gave it the romantic name Alequiers. In this whimsical history Schintz details the evolution of the Old Place through its succeeding occupants, drawing readers into the daily life of homesteading families and reflecting on the nature and character of rural life. A delightful evocation of a recent past that somehow seems so long ago.

  University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 2003. 190 pp., $24.95 paper.

- *Help! I've Inherited an Attic Full of History*. By Althea Douglas.

  Living in the material world means living with material objects – sometimes too many of them. At some stage in life, particularly if you've inherited from a relative or been designated custodian of an institution's history, you have to decide what you're going to do with all this *stuff*. Enter archivist and genealogist Althea Douglas. Her book is a practical guide to assessing the objects and *objets*, the photographs and papers in your possession and deciding whether to keep or to dispose. She also covers simple conservation procedures for cleaning and maintaining things you intend to keep or pass on, and addresses long-term care and storage. The latter is particularly valuable given modern technology's tendency to come and go. What about those family memories on Betamax? Douglas also provides an extensive glossary and annotated bibliography to help with further research.

  The Ontario Genealogical Society, Toronto, 2003. 176 pp., $33.00 paper.

October 25, 1666: Two New World fur traders meet with King Charles II at Oxford to discuss their vision for a commercial empire.

King Charles II listens intently to the two Frenchmen who stand before him. Pierre-Esprit Radisson and Médard Chouart, Sieur Des Groseilliers (better known as Groseilliers), describe in detail their innovative and lucrative scheme – to exploit the untapped riches that lie across the Atlantic on the new continent, in the region of "the Bay of the North" (Hudson Bay). No other Europeans have yet ventured into this area, and the two *coureurs de bois* believe that an efficient fur-trading system could be created to move an endless furry fortune out of the woods and into European pockets. But support of the English court is essential for their venture; they must have the King's approval. Charles II, having great interest in mercantile endeavours and ties to London's financiers, not to mention being the ruler of a nation devastated by the wrath of the bubonic plague, quickly accepts the explorers' proposal and grants Radisson and Groseilliers royal protection and a weekly pension of forty shillings. The meeting is brought to a close. The roots of the project have been established.

Radisson and Groseilliers, known today to Canadian schoolchildren as "Radishes and Gooseberries," had travelled to Oxford (the English court had fled there to escape the plague in London) from North America, where they had been involved in the fur trade and exploring the New World. Both men were born in France and migrated to the new continent in their younger years: Radisson as a teenager, and Groseilliers as a young man. While Radisson was eighteen years younger than Groseilliers, the two had their adventurous natures in common. After meeting in the late 1650s (Groseilliers had married Radisson's half-sister), they embarked on a journey that would take them to the king of England and the establishment of an empire that would cover a twelfth of the earth's land surface.

In the winter of 1659–1660, Radisson and Groseilliers ventured north of

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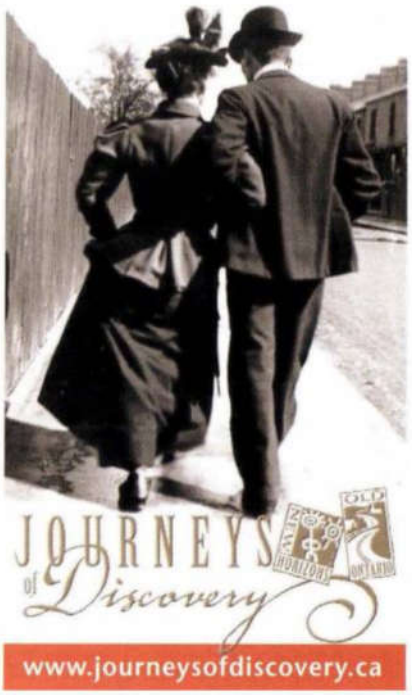

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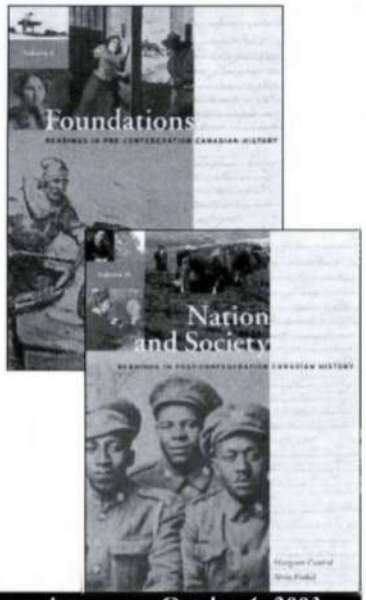

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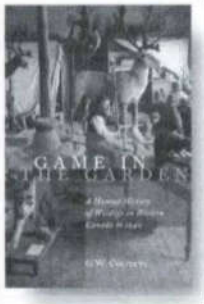

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Lake Superior in search of fur-trading opportunities. The trip proved successful, as the two brought back an abundance of fur to New France, as well as stories from the Huron, Sioux, and Cree of a wealth of beaver furs in the north. Their treasures were not celebrated by the colony, however. The governor, the Marquis d'Argenson, punished them for trading without a licence and refused their proposal to explore the possibility of accessing the fur country by way of Hudson Bay.

But Radisson and Groseilliers wanted desperately to explore the Hudson Bay region, so they turned to neighbouring New England for support. Local English merchants soon became interested in what the partners had to say and joined them on a number of trial expeditions into Hudson Bay. Sadly, none of these trips were completed. Despite these failures, an official of Charles II, Colonel George Cartwright, who was in New England on business, saw the potential in the Hudson Bay project and encouraged Radisson and Groseilliers to travel to England to request royal sponsorship. Finally, the two would have a chance to bring their dream to fruition.

This meeting marks a pivotal moment in the history of Canada, specifically in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, for what was discussed in that room at Oxford on that fateful day in 1666 would drive a series of subsequent events leading directly to the famous Charter signed in 1670.

The King's cousin, Prince Rupert, also attended the meeting and was enamoured by the possibilities hidden in the forests of the New World. In 1668, he, alongside Charles II, outfitted a successful expedition to Hudson Bay that established their monopoly over the fur trade. And in 1670, the King granted Hudson Bay and the vast lands of its drainage basin to Prince Rupert and his fellow explorers, forming the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England tradeing into Hudson's Bay."

Radisson and Groseilliers could not have known just how big the empire they dreamed of would become, nor how crucial their meeting with Charles II really was, but they certainly knew the potential that lay in the Canadian north.

MAURA HANRAHAN

Encounter

Newfoundland writer Maura Hanrahan explores the many sides of Arctic mariner **Robert Abram Bartlett**.

The captain's face has the ruddiness borne of years on cold Arctic waters, and his hands, the calluses and scars that all seamen bear. His skin has the darkness of his Basque ancestors. His body is thick, his hair a shock of bearlike fur. There is absolutely no roughness about him, though.

Instead, Captain Robert Abram Bartlett of Brigus, Newfoundland, is gentle, making almost no noise as he moves about the galley of the *Karluk*. His movements are graceful, his touch has the softness of a rose petal.

In my mind's eye I see him there as the *Karluk* slowly becomes immersed in the Arctic Ocean. His ship is sinking. He has already evacuated the crew and they are now warming themselves in an igloo they have built on a nearby ice pan. Some of them visit him through the night, but he says little as he plays his gramophone records and then feeds them into the fire.

Before she became trapped and then crushed in the ice, the *Karluk* had been the lead ship in Canadian explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson's 1913–1918 scientific expedition. As she sank, the captain ordered his men to hoist the ensign; it would fly until the end. Then he played Chopin's "Funeral March" over and over.

Finally at 3:15 in the afternoon, Bartlett announced "She's going!" Then, with the deck almost submerged, he put the "Funeral March" on the Victrola again. When the water came up to the rails, he stepped onto the ice wordlessly.

I've yet to come across a better definition of a class act.

But, though he is perhaps best known for leading Peary to the North Pole (or not – the jury is still out), Bartlett's most notable feat was yet to come. After the *Karluk* sank, he and Kataktovik, an Inuk, left the stranded crew at Wrangel Island, northwest of Siberia. Then they walked eleven hundred kilometres over some of the roughest ice in the world to East Cape in the Bering Strait to get help.

The granddaughter of a schooner fishermen, I am in awe of such toughness and determination. Men like Captain Bob, as we called him, were the heroes of our childhoods, and he was the most celebrated of them all.

For me, though, it was Bartlett's tender side that filled him out, that made him even more compelling. Captain Bartlett was a connoisseur of classical music, a collector of the finest gramophone recordings of the day. He bought these on his frequent trips to New York City, where he eventually made his home.

He was also a lover of wildflowers. This big, strong man, capable of the most daunting physical feats and descended from a long line of sealing skippers, simply adored the tiniest, most beautiful little plants. Maybe he inherited this love of flowers and gardening from his mother – he was particularly attached to her. The Bartlett women kept a lush, colourful flower garden at their home, Hawthorne Cottage in Brigus.

These interests led to specimen collecting in the far north. While we in Newfoundland make much of his seafaring accomplishments, we talk far less of the accolades he received for his scientific work for the Smithsonian Institute and the American Museum of Natural History. But Bartlett's honours included the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographic Society no less.

On his trips north, Bartlett lovingly collected alpine plants and wrote home about them in great detail. He was as absorbed in these pursuits as he was in any of the dangerous icy adventures in which he regularly found himself. For that, he is wholly human, much more than a swashbuckler, much more than a character or a crusty old sea captain with a string of tales to tell. Instead, he is that gentle hero who embraced the silences and softnesses of life as well as its thunderous roars.

LOMEN BROTHERS / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-025962

Men like Captain Bob, as we called him, were the heroes of our childhoods, and he was the most celebrated of them all.

Maura Hanrahan is an award-winning writer, anthropologist, and painter. Her novel *The Doryman*, just published by Flanker Press, revolves around the early twentieth-century Grand Banks schooner fishery of Newfoundland.

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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes *The Beaver* magazine, the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History – to honour the country's best history teachers – and the Pierre Berton Award – to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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THE Society

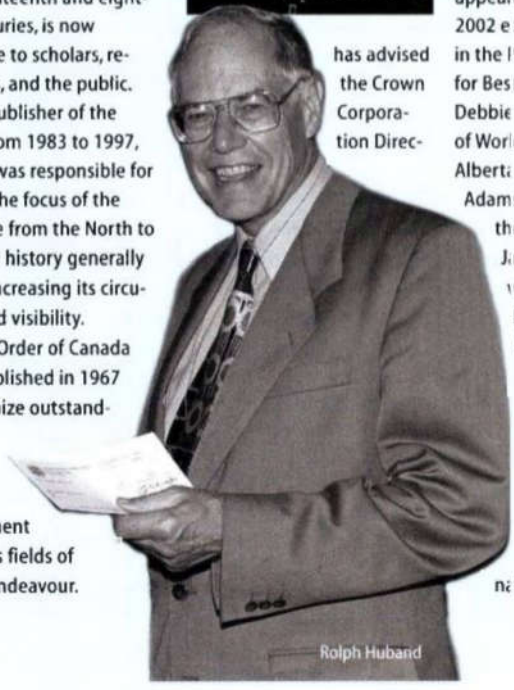
Order of Canada

Rolph Huband, first chairman of Canada's National History Society and publisher emeritus of the *Beaver*, has been appointed to the Order of Canada.

One of 109 new appointments to the Order announced in August by Her Excellency the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson, Governor General of Canada, Huband has been honoured for his achievements in promoting and developing public interest in Canadian history. As vice-president of the Hudson's Bay Company, he coordinated the donation of the HBC's archives, museum artifacts, and the full-size replica of the merchant ship *Nonsuch* to the Manitoba government. This priceless historical collection, which documents the settlement of western Canada in the seventeenth and eighteen centuries, is now accessible to scholars, researchers, and the public.

As publisher of the *Beaver* from 1983 to 1997, Huband was responsible for shifting the focus of the magazine from the North to Canadian history generally and for increasing its circulation and visibility.

The Order of Canada was established in 1967 to recognize outstanding service and achievement in various fields of human endeavour.


Rolph Huband

The Board

At the History Society's annual meeting held in Winnipeg in June, a new member was elected to the board for a three-year term.

J. Douglas Barrington of Toronto is vice-chair of Deloitte & Touche LLP, Canada. A graduate of the Harvard Business School, he has wide experience in the application of the concepts of strategic planning, management control, and governance to organizations of varied sizes. He has served as an adviser to the Government of Canada on controllership and financial management, cochairs Treasury Board's Standards Advisory Board on Modern Comptrollership, and has advised the Crown Corporation Directorate of the federal government on issues of governance and the development of standards. A past vice-chair and treasurer of the United Way of Greater Toronto, he has served on the boards of many community and professional organizations.

Doug Barrington

Awards

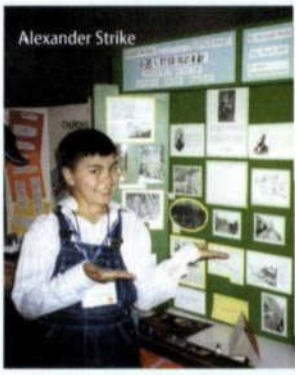
"Anatomically Incorrect" by Matthew Rankin, which appeared in the October/November 2002 edition of the *Beaver*, was named Best Article (Manitoba) at the Western Magazine Awards in Vancouver, June 20. The article, which examined body-snatching in nineteenth-century Montreal, was also nominated in the Science, Technology and Medicine category.

The *Beaver* was nominated for four other Western Magazine Awards. "Looking for Mrs. Armstrong," a story by Paula Kelly about the 1919 Winnipeg Strike's forgotten woman, which appeared in the June/July 2002 edition, was nominated in the Profile category and for Best Article (Manitoba). Debbie Culbertson's profile of World War I nurse and Alberta MLA Roberta MacAdams, which appeared in the December 2002/January 2003 edition, was nominated for Best Article (Alberta/NWT). The *Beaver* was also nominated for Magazine of the Year (Manitoba).

Congratulations to Matthew Rankin and to all of the *Beaver*'s nominated writers.

Heritage Fair vitalizes history

"I wanted to find out what the Chinese contribution to Canada was," began Alexander Strike, an eleven-year-old French immersion student from Winnipeg. "I knew they had a role in building the railway, but I never thought about how difficult the experience was."


Alexander Strike

Alexander then proceeded to talk in detail about the danger of the work of the railway workers, the lure of riches offered by the railway, which turned out to be never quite enough for them to go back home, and the head tax that prevented them from bringing family to Canada from China.

Like many of the 165 students at the Historica National Heritage Fair held in Sudbury, Ontario, on July 12, Alexander's journey into Canadian history started with a question about his own heritage. Over the past ten years, the Heritage Fair program has grown to encourage more than 500,000 young people to explore their history through projects like this one. The unspoken question often is "Are they really learning any history this way?"

For Mireille Bourque and Maude-Isabelle Gagnon-Tremblay, grade 4 students from Rimouski, a quick tour

of their uncle's collection of historic firefighting gear led to an comprehensive project about the Rimouski Fire of 1950. Tea with Zachary Gorski's great-grandmother in Saskatchewan inspired Zachary to abandon his real passion for sports to devote the better part of a school year to researching the Great Depression – creating a historical diary to display the photos and facts he had gathered. Eleven-year-old Elizabeth Forsey from Newfoundland and Labrador started her project on the Beothuk last summer, causing her whole family to orient their vacation around the historic sites she needed to visit for research.

We worry about the lack of history being taught in our schools. But if this is an indication of the next generation's approach to history, we are in good hands. In every instance, these students clearly did their homework – they knew the history. And now they want to learn more, as historians, archaeologists, and citizens. What makes the Heritage Fairs effective as a learning experience is the emphasis on personal connection to the past. People and events in history have become *their* stories to tell, making it more likely they will remember them for a long time to come.

For more information about Heritage Fairs in your own community contact 1-800-567-1867 or visit Historica's website at <www.histori.ca>.

Show and Save

If you harbour a yen to see General Isaac Brock's hat or have a penchant for paddled watercraft, put the Niagara Historical Society & Museum or the Canadian Canoe Museum on your to-do list. Both of these institutions have recently joined the History Society's museum admission discount program for members. Show your Society membership card and save.

The Niagara Museum, established in 1895, is located in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. Situated in Memorial Hall, the first building in Ontario designed solely for use as a historical museum, the museum's focus is the history of the Niagara region as told through an impressive collection of images, documents, and artifacts, of which Brock's hat is but one.

Located in Peterborough, Ontario, once the world's foremost canoe building centre, the Canadian Canoe Museum is unique in North America. It houses the world's largest collection of paddled watercraft. Its overriding theme is to explore "the canoe's enduring significance to the peoples of Canada."

With these two new museums, the History Society's museum admission discount program now has nineteen participating institutions across Canada. A complete listing of them can be found below.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

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- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Niagara Historical Society & Museum, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON
- Canadian Canoe Museum, Peterborough, ON
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
- Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
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A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

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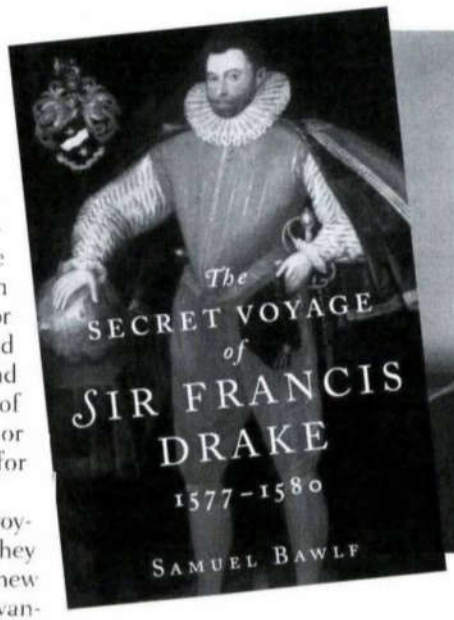
CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

Samuel Bawlf's Secret Voyage



The "secret voyage" is one of the great traditions of exploration history, a source of wonderful controversies for readers of history. Care to argue that the Vikings were beaten to Canada by Welsh princes or Templar knights? Convinced the Bristol fishing fleets found the Grand Banks ahead of Cabot? Sure that Basques or Portuguese led the way for Columbus?

Then you need a secret-voyage theory. They went – but they kept it secret. They found a new land but, for commercial advantage or strategic necessity, they decided not to tell. Years later some publicity hound like Columbus got all the credit.

Secret voyage theories make great challenges to the historical imagination. As in conspiracy theories, the absence of evidence turns into a proof in itself: "Of course the evidence is missing! See how they covered it up!" So secret voyages, like histories of conspiracy, provide brain-twisting puzzles for readers of history. Whence, no doubt, their eternal appeal.

The latest writer to offer up a secret-voyage challenge is British Columbian Samuel Bawlf. "I grew up on this coast," he told me recently, but his interest in early voyages to the Northwest Coast was kindled anew in 1978 when he presided, as a B.C. cabinet minister, over the James Cook bicentennial. His secret voyager is Francis Drake, who may have seen British Columbia two full centuries before Cook did.

In April 1579, after plundering New Spain's Pacific outposts, Francis Drake ventured up the North Pacific coast beyond Mexico before setting out across the ocean to reach southeast Asia in November 1579. Historians have been pretty much agreed on where Drake went – California or Oregon – and on why: to find a remote refuge in which to repair his *Golden Hinde* before the transpacific voyage.

Bawlf wants to revise both the where and the why. Two hundred years before Perez, Cook, Vancouver, and Galiano, he says, Francis Drake sailed right up to Alaska and down the whole tortuous coast of British Columbia. Why? To seek a western entrance to the Northwest Passage, a shortcut between the North Pacific and the North Atlantic. The English crown that orchestrated the plan imposed secrecy to keep the Spanish from knowing.

Bawlf argues all this from a careful rereading of Elizabethan sources – which reveal some suggestive, ambiguous references – and from a handful of maps and globes that put some otherwise imaginary headlands, river mouths, and islands on that unknown side of North America.

Let's say first: Bawlf's got something. What little survives about Drake's time in the North Pacific – references to fog, cold, and ice – does indeed make a northerly landfall plausible. He also provides lots of evidence that England in the 1570s was interested in a Northwest Passage, and that

quietly seeking one was among Drake's objectives.

Secret voyage theorists, however, nearly always sail too far. Samuel Bawlf believes Francis Drake made two trips to the outskirts of Skagway, threaded the whole Inland Passage and the Strait of Georgia like some sixteenth-century Princess liner, and made substantial expeditions inland. In short, to have done in a short summer a job of navigation and route-finding that consumed late eighteenth century sailors for many years.

That's way too much weight to put on a few uncertain islands on a mapmaker's globe. Just to provide the bare minimum of time to make these feats of exploration at all possible, Bawlf has had to stretch Drake's dates mercilessly, expanding the few weeks the sources put him on the Northwest Coast into almost five months.

Bawlf offers us a new Drake and a new England, both consumed with secret exploration. Yet while he was in the North Pacific, Drake had a plundered treasure, truly a king's ransom, in his ship's hold. Surely that dominated his strategy. Drake would have loved a free ride home. But if he saw the headlands of the Northwest Coast, he would have quickly identified an iron-bound wall of mountains, beset by storms and currents, its shores held by powerful native nations. Better to go round the world than sink all one's fame and fortune in the midst of that.

English sailors in the 1570s and 1580s were pretty consistent in valuing treasure over discovery. Had England been really determined about a Northwest Passage, the place to start was north of Labrador, not Vancouver Island. Indeed, Martin Frobisher went looking there just before Drake set off for the Pacific. But Frobisher was easily diverted by gold-mining ventures. In three well-publicized voyages, he never got to the end of Frobisher Bay or Hudson Strait, which lay unexplored another thirty years. This was hardly the work of a nation with the resolute determination to open a passage into the Pacific—or to keep the whole thing secret.

I wish Bawlf had wondered if the Spanish ever tried a secret voyage or two to British Columbia. The guesses and gestures on the globes Bawlf relies on could as just as well echo a Spanish reconnaissance. They, after all, were the masters of Pacific sailing for most of the 1500s, and long after. New Spain might well have quietly confirmed no likely sea passage lay north of Mexico—and then happily ignored that rugged coast for several centuries—smiling a little every time those English bastards went off to freeze in the dark.

In raising the likelihood of European vessels nosing along the northwest coast of Canada before 1600, however, Bawlf has done good service. What's more, he sets his secret voyage argument within a lively, well-put-together life and times of the remarkable Drake. It's been selling well all over the world, and Bawlf deserves the success. Even skeptics should enjoy chewing on his arguments. ◘

The Secret Voyage of Francis Drake, 1577-1580 by Samuel Bawlf was published in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre in the summer of 2003. Some additional material is in Bawlf's earlier, privately published study, *Sir Francis Drake's Secret Voyage* (Salt Spring Island, 2001).

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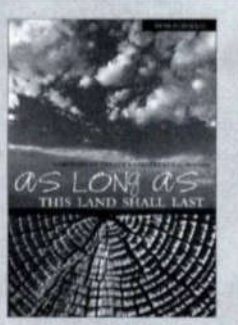

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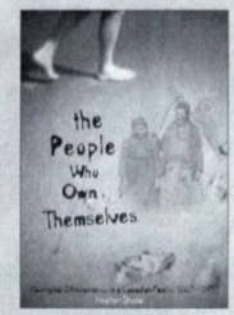

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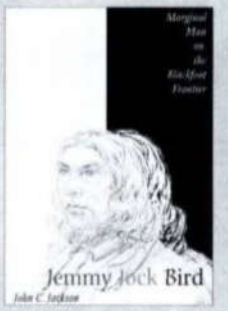

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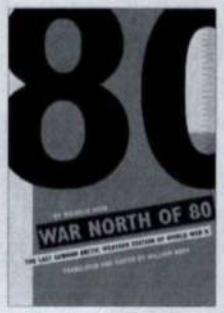

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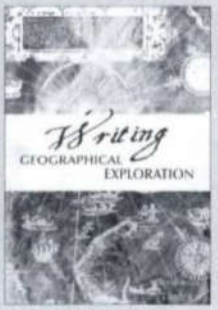

WRITING GEOGRAPHIC EXPLORATION

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by Wayne K.D. Davies

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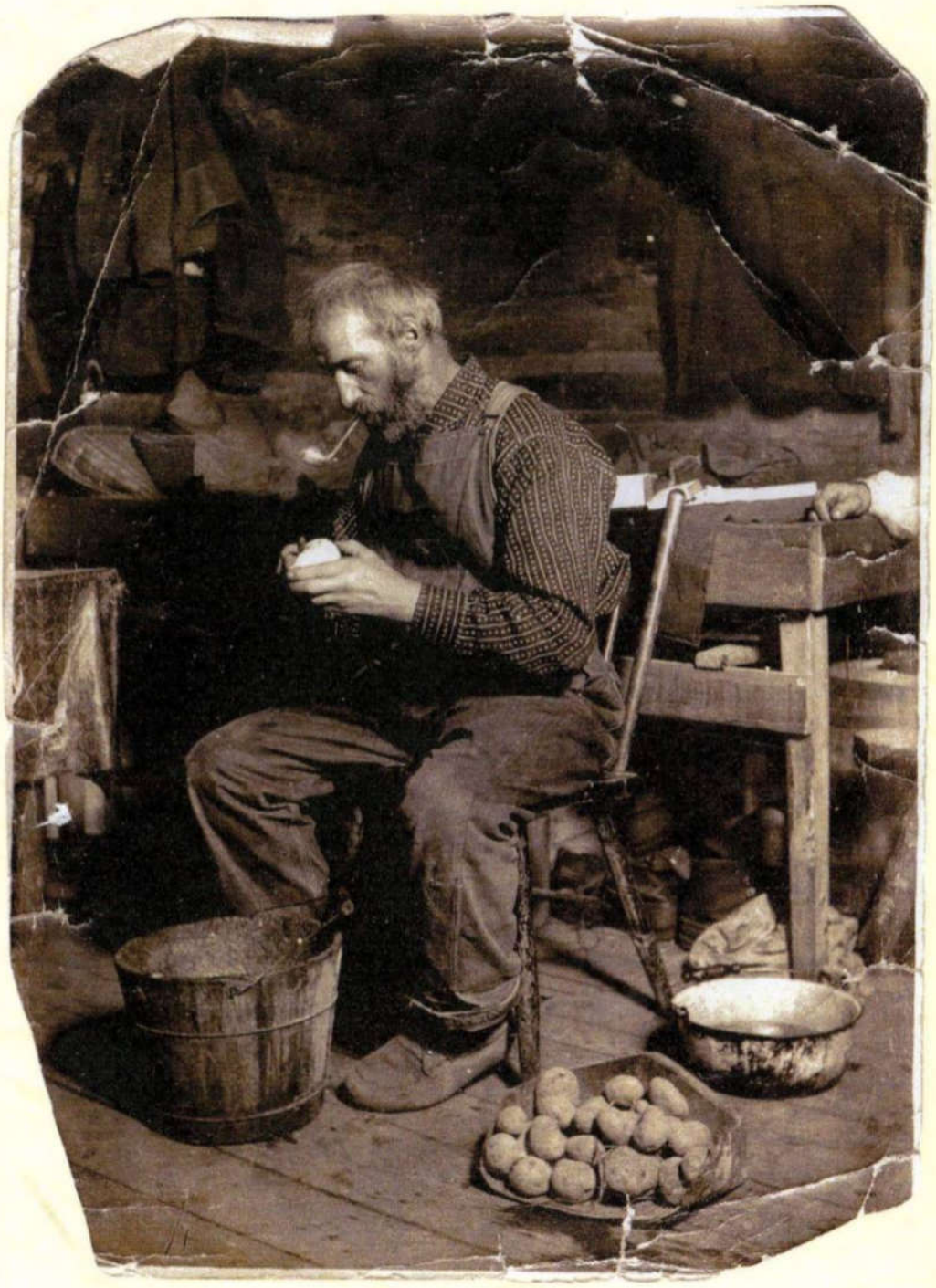
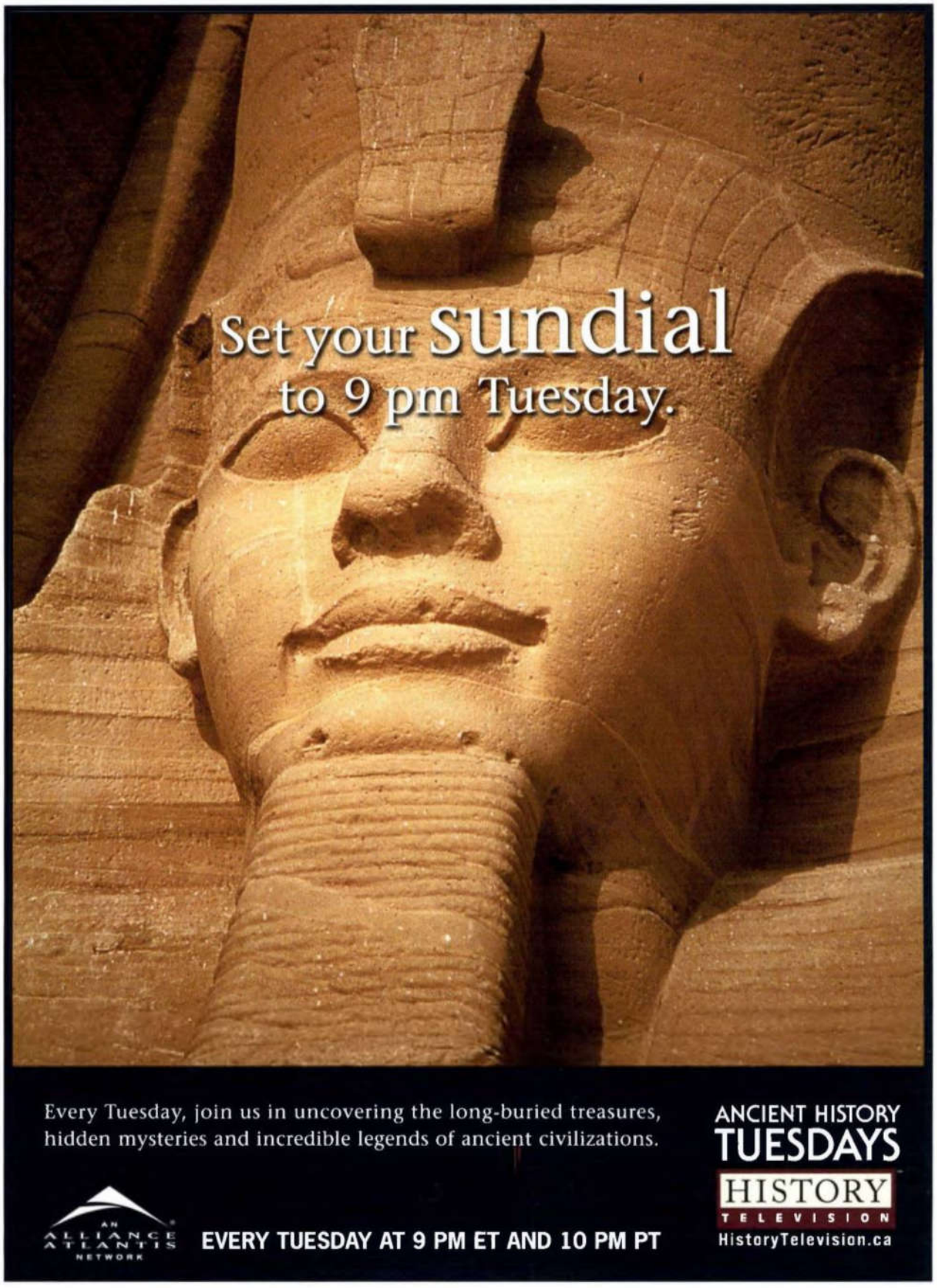
Album

Ron Cason, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is a retired master mechanic living in Calgary. He was born in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, and recalls travelling with his father into the nearby Duck Mountains in the '30s and '40s to harvest lumber for the family farm.



Spuds After a while, after you savour the oil-cloth-covered table and the clay pipe and the nest of boots and the wooden, wired slops bucket, your eyes go to the hand on the far right. A woman's hand, perhaps? If so, why is the man peeling the potatoes? A century ago, men and women played fairly traditional roles when it came to the division of labour (though as homesteading bachelors, some men learned to sympathize with women's work). Perhaps, though, the hand belongs to a man. Would a wife suffer such spare surroundings? This may be less home sweet home than workers' quarters at a lumber camp. Ron Cason, among whose late father's belongings he found this photo, thought it might be such a camp at Grandview, Manitoba, near Riding Mountain National Park, in the early 1900s. But is that a stone wall at the back? Stone walls at a lumber camp? At any rate, there's only one naked spud in that enamelled pan, and many more waiting to be peeled.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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7:00 AM	HISTORY BITES					THE BEST OF CANADA	THE BEST OF CANADA
7:30 AM	HISTORY LANDS						
8:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN						
8:30 AM	ODYSSEYS					PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
9:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
9:30 AM	GHOST TOWNS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	1/2 HR ANTHOLOGIES	FASHION QUEST			
10:00 AM	THE CANADIANS					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM							
11:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES						
11:30 AM	LIVING HISTORY		GREAT TRAIN STORIES		THE FIFTIES		
12:00 PM	TURNING POINTS						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES	WAR STORIES (Thurs. 9 pm)
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM							
4:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
4:30 PM	GHOST TOWNS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	1/2 HR ANTHOLOGIES	FASHION QUEST			
5:00 PM	CHINA BEACH					DISASTERS OF THE CENTURY	SEA HUNTERS
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES					TIMELINES OF THE CENTURY	HISTORY ORIGINALS
6:30 PM	LIVING HISTORY		GREAT TRAIN STORIES		THE FIFTIES		
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					CANADIAN MILITARY HOUR	WAR SERIES
7:30 PM							
8:00 PM	TURNING POINTS					SEA HUNTERS	ROYAL HOUR
8:30 PM							
9:00 PM	MODERN HISTORY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY MINI-SERIES FRIDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	CANADIAN (TBA)	12 O'CLOCK HIGH					
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	TURNING POINTS					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM	MODERN HISTORY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY MINI-SERIES FRIDAYS		
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM							
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	DISASTERS OF THE CENTURY	SEA HUNTERS
3:30 AM							
4:00 AM						WESTERN MATINEE (REPEAT)	DOC SERIES (NON-WAR)
4:30 AM							
5:00 AM							WAR SERIES
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM	PAID PROGRAMMING						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

**Program changes may occur.*